

ATOM THE CAT

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№12

ATOM THE CAT

DAIRY

TRIPLE  
VALUE  
COMIC

100  
BIG  
PAGES

PAT MASULLI





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# ATOM THE CAT

in  
YOU'D BETTER

S2122

OHH, ATOM, I'M SO  
THRILLED BY YOUR  
BUYING ME A  
HAT FOR MY  
BIRTHDAY!

ANW. SHUCKS...  
THINK NOTHING  
OF IT, CORA!

WHAT ABOUT THIS ONE  
ATOM? DO YOU THINK  
I SHOULD TURN  
IT DOWN?

HMM...  
HOW  
MUCH  
IS IT?

OHH... JUST FIFTY  
DOLLARS!

50

GULP!

YUP, CORA...

...YOU'D BETTER  
TURN IT DOWN!

HAT  
SHOP

END

ATOM THE CAT

Volume 1, Number 12

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# ATOM THE CAT

## ATOM THE CAT

### FISHLESS FRIDAY

ON MONDAY...

WASHINGTON, D.C. STILL CALLING **ATOM THE CAT!** A **METEOR** IS ABOUT TO **COLLIDE** WITH **EARTH!** WHY DON'T YOU ANSWER, ATOM?

**KRUNCH!**

**KRUNCH!**

ATOM, ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US! ATOM, CAN YOU HEAR US?

**KRUNCH KRUNCH!**

STILL NO ANSWER FROM ATOM EXCEPT THAT CRUNCHING SOUND!

A-AND THE METEOR'S COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER!

**KRUNCH! KRUNCH!**

**LOOK...!**

IT'S ATOM THE CAT!

UP...AND AT 'EM!

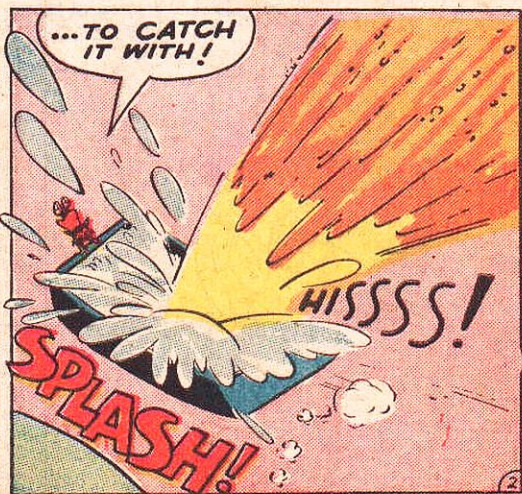
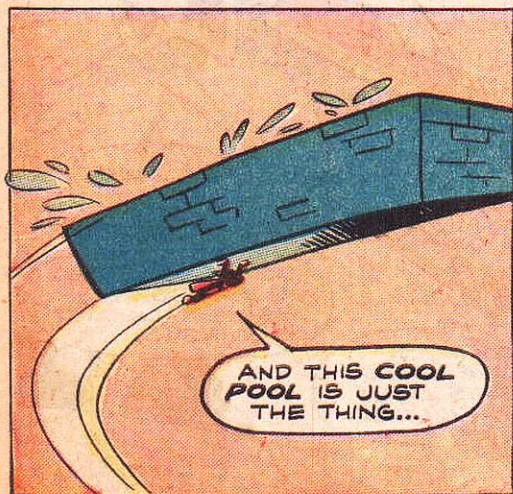
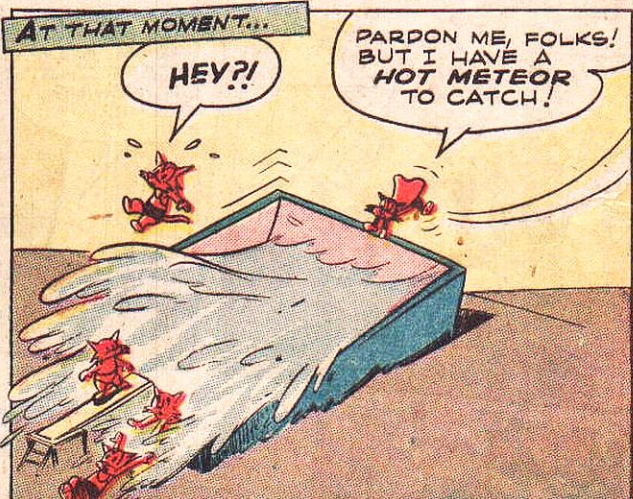
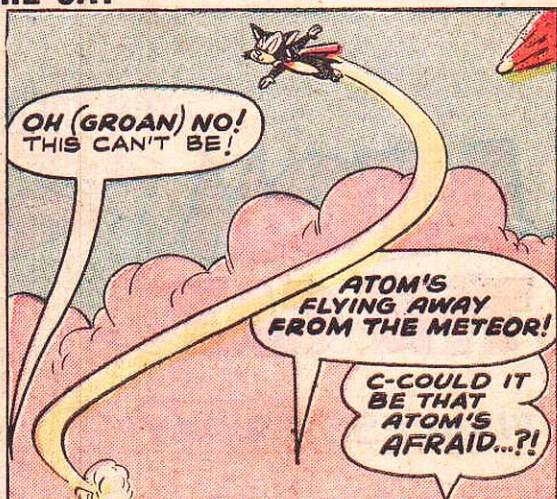
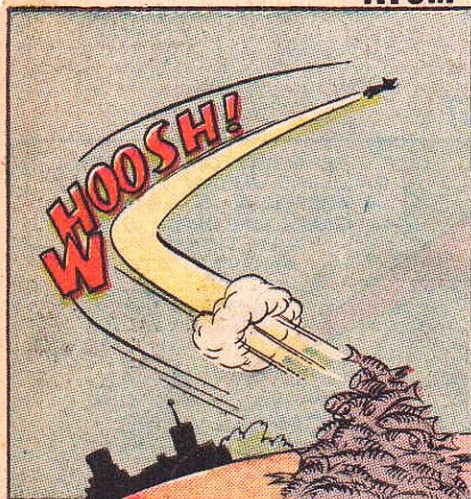
HE KNEW HOW MUCH ATOMIC POWER HE'D NEED FOR THIS JOB! HE WAS TOO BUSY FILLING UP ON FISH TO ANSWER!

BUT HE'S FINISHED HIS EMERGENCY FISH SNACK AND NOW...

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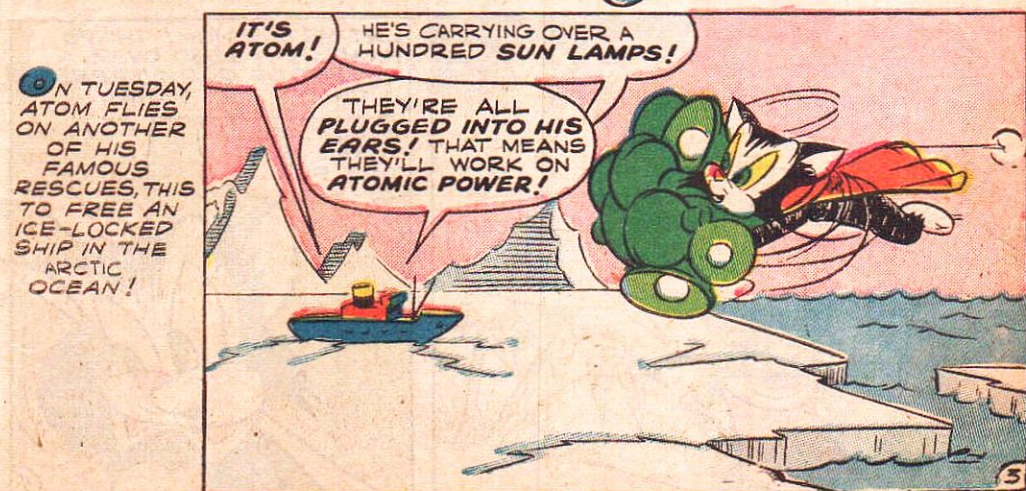
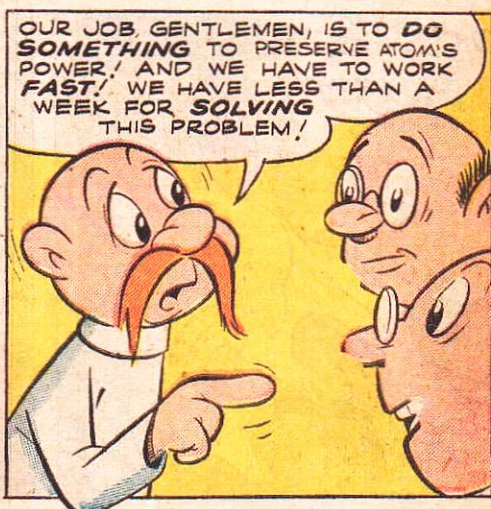
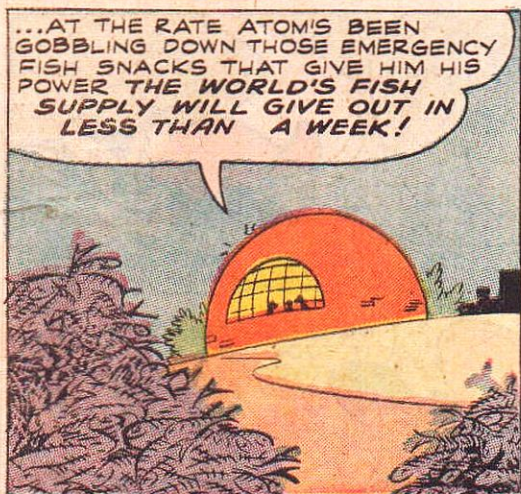
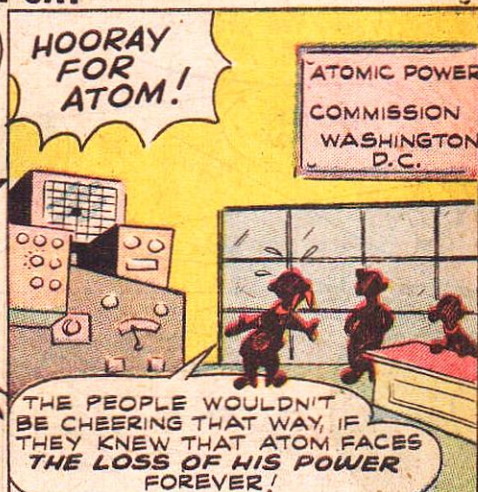
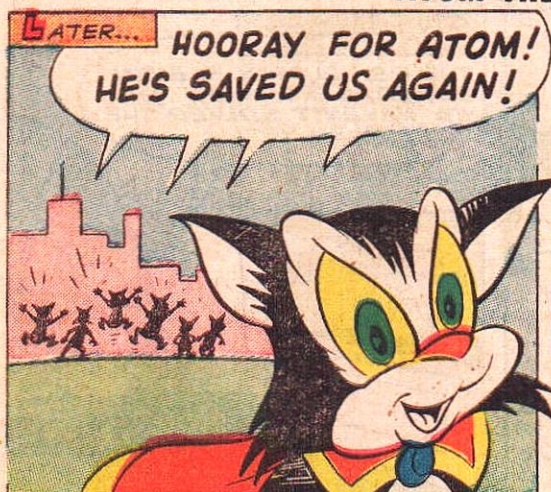


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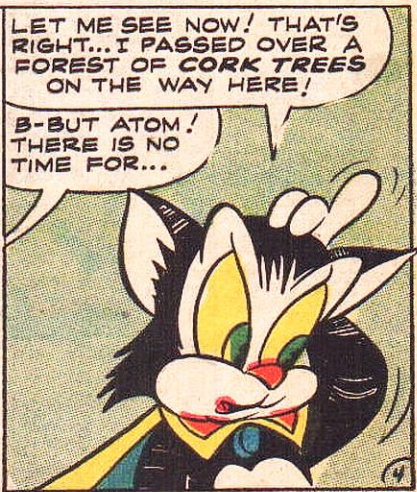
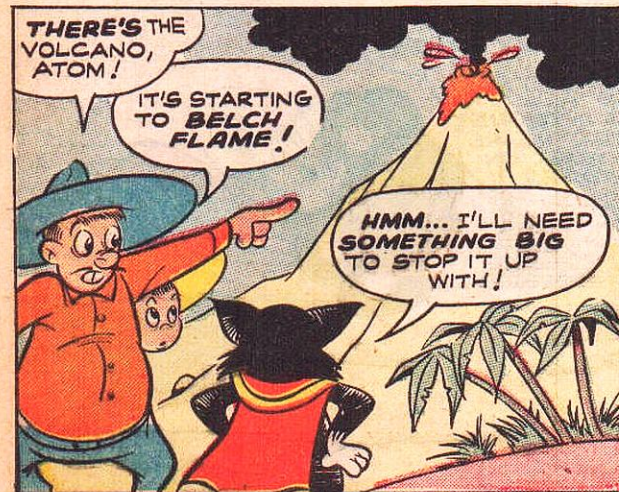
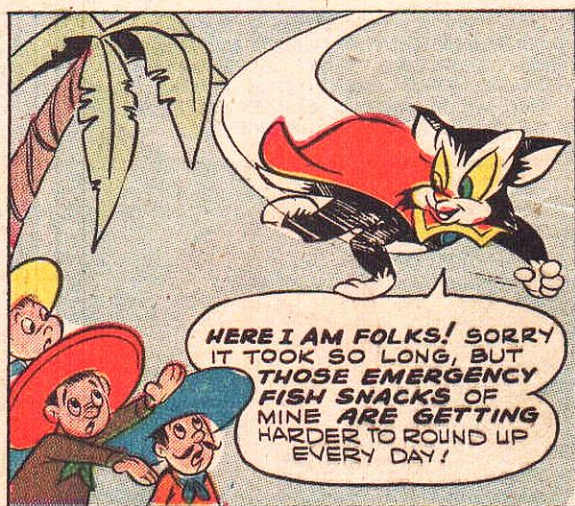
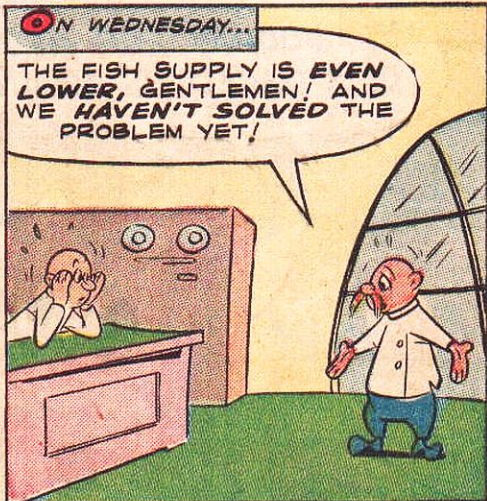
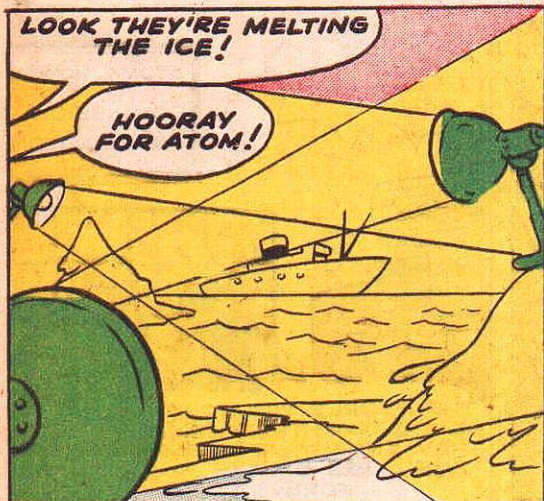


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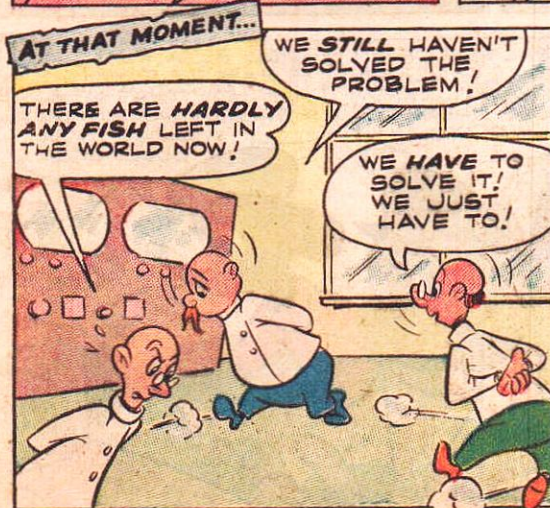
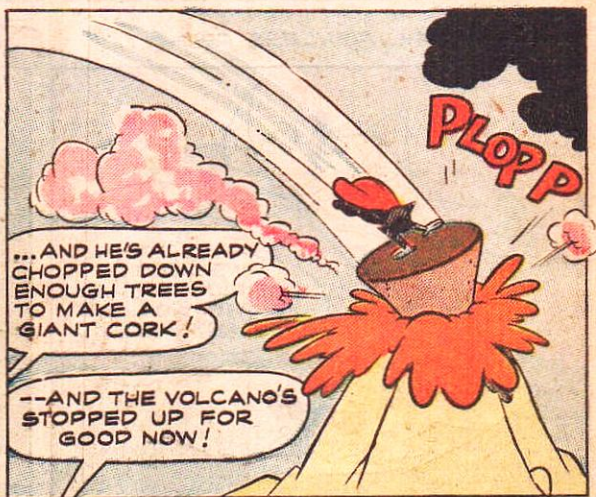
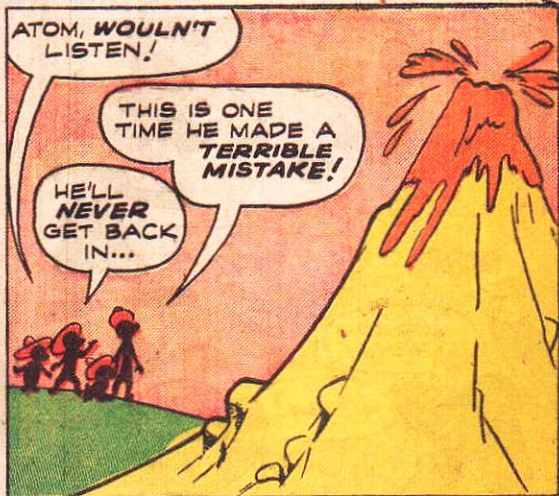


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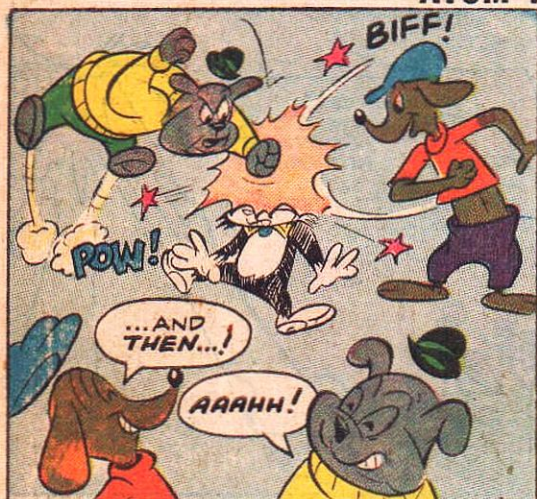


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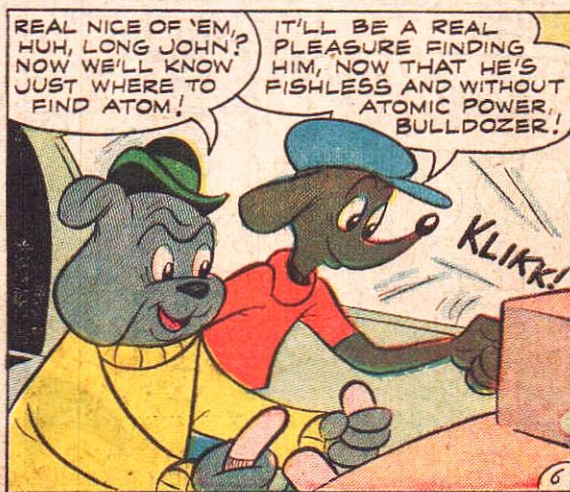
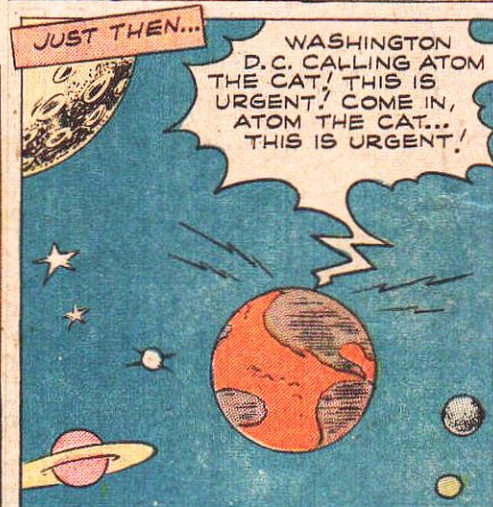
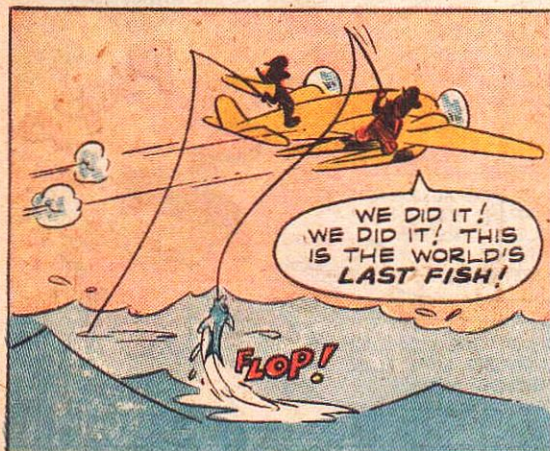




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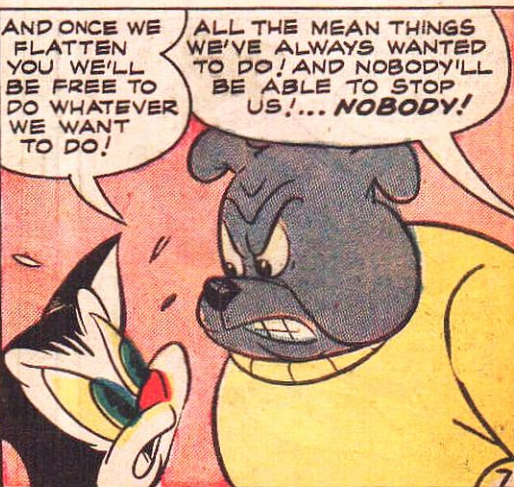
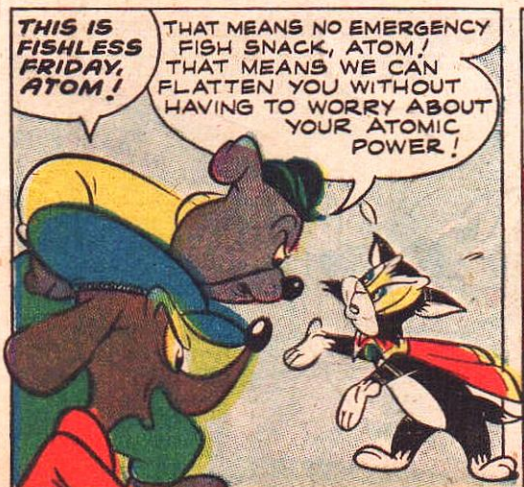
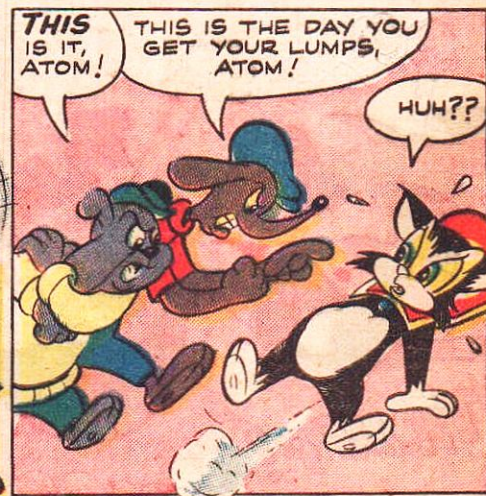
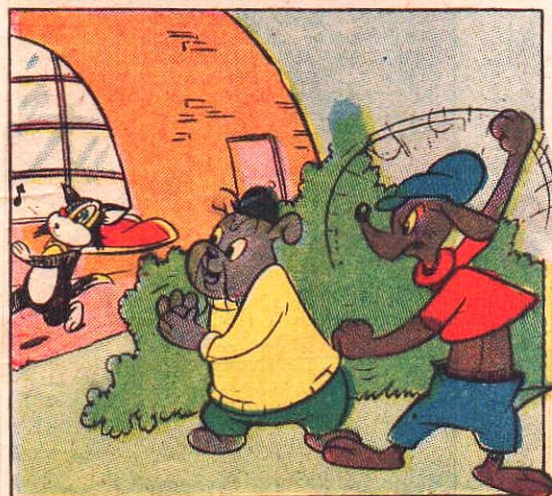
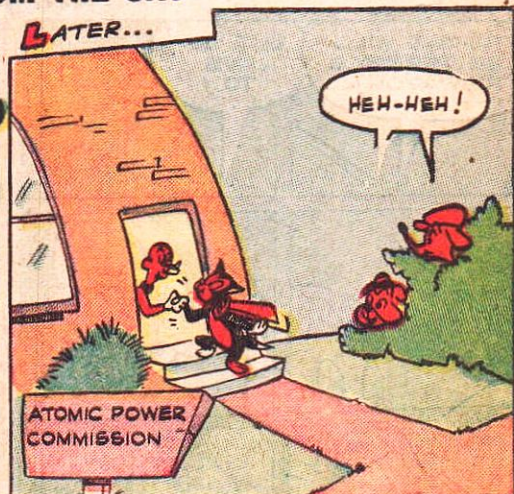
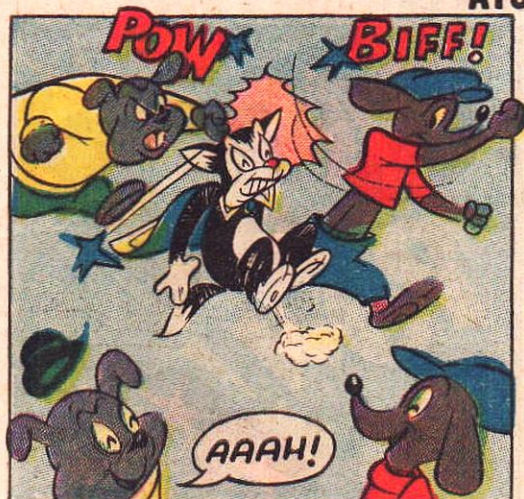


THIS IS FRIDAY... FISHLESS FRIDAY!



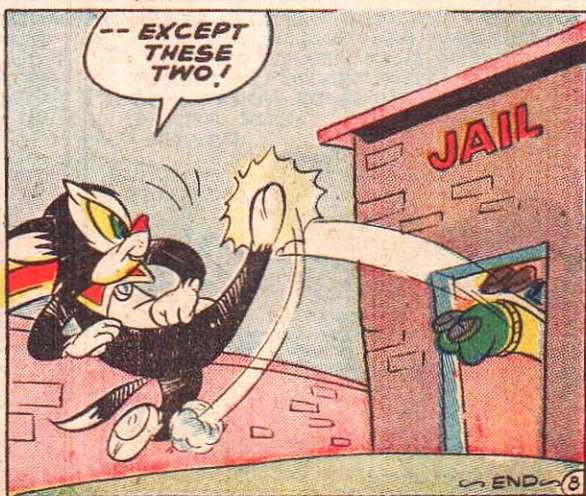
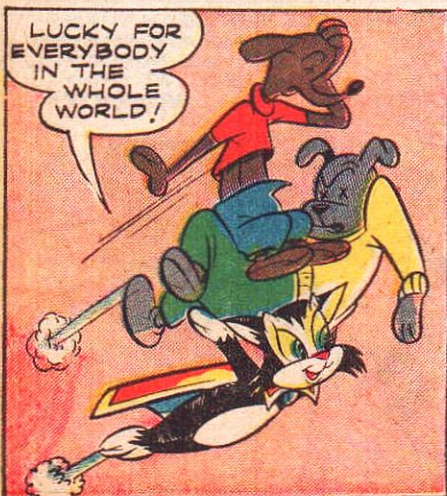
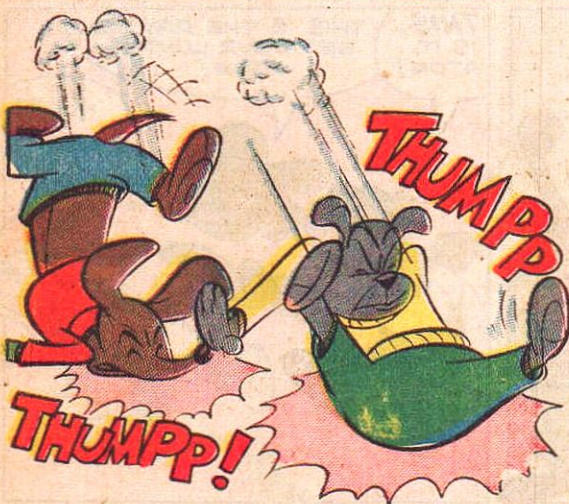
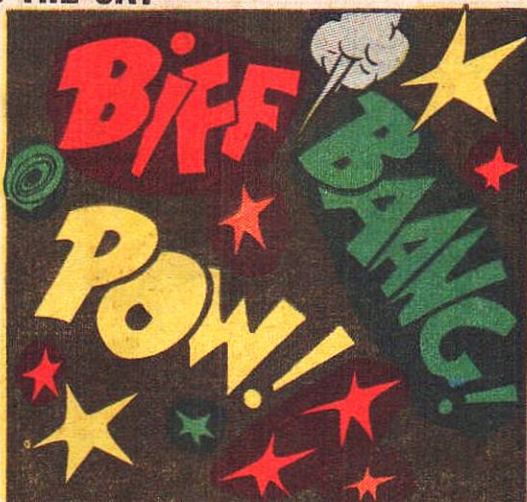
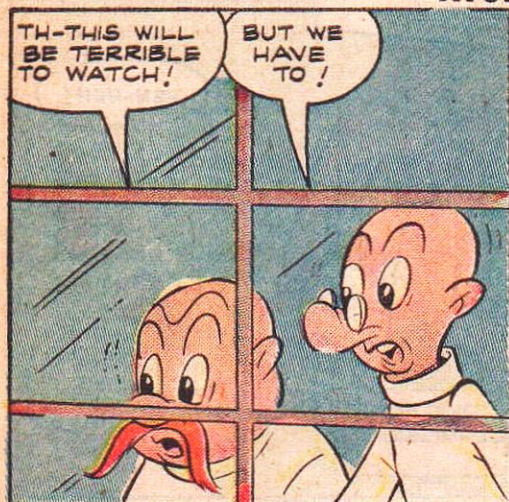


# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT

## ATOM THE CAT

IN  
SHRUNK

OUR HERO, ATOM THE CAT, BRAVES A RAGING STORM, EXPOSING HIMSELF TO EXTREME DANGER, TO HELP OTHERS!

IT'S NO USE, ATOM! NOT EVEN YOU COULD HELP US GET SOUTH IN THE FACE OF THESE TERRIBLE HEADWINDS!

MAYBE NOT! BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I WON'T TRY!

HERE! ALL OF YOU GRAB ONTO THIS ROPE AS TIGHT AS YOU CAN!

...AND (UUNNH) WE'RE OFF!

MEANWHILE, BACK NEAR CATVILLE...

IT'S A (YAWN) NASTY DAY OUTSIDE... JUST THE SORT OF WEATHER WE LIKE!

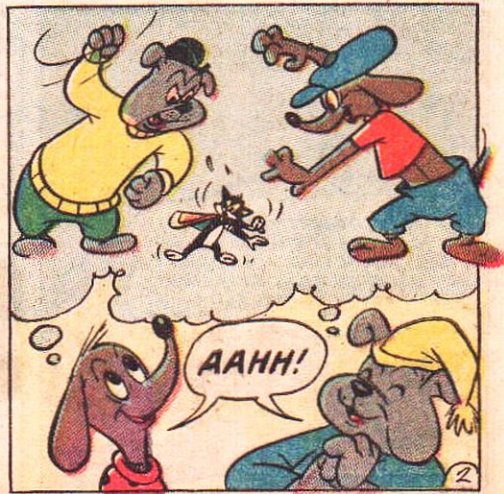
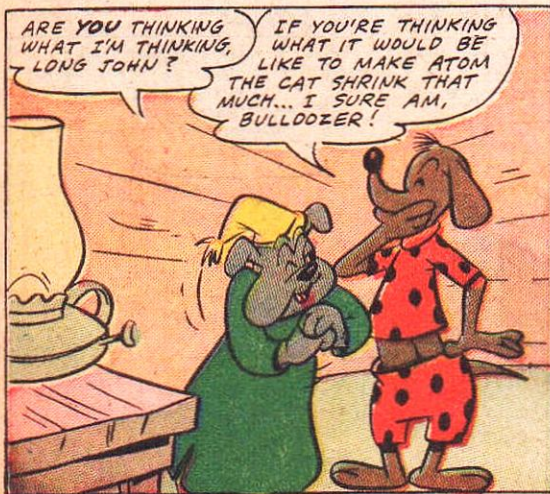
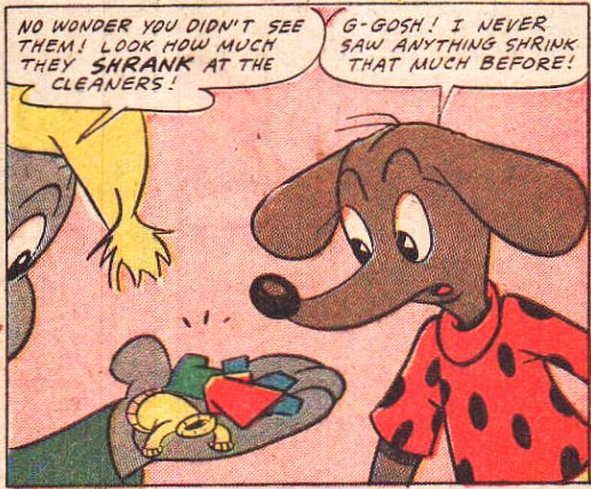
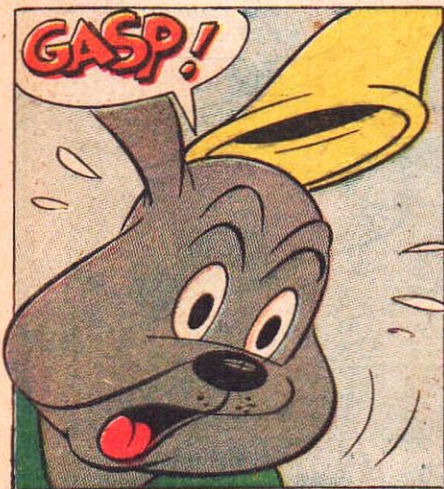
THAT'S RIGHT, BULL-DOZER! NOTHING (YAWN) LIKE NASTY WEATHER... FOR TWO NASTY CHARACTERS LIKE US!

TWEET-TWEET! TWEET-TWOH! TO WHERE IT'S WARM WE GO! OHH... ATOM'S SO PLEASING! HE'S SAVED US FROM FREEZING! TWEET-TWEET! TWEET-TWO!



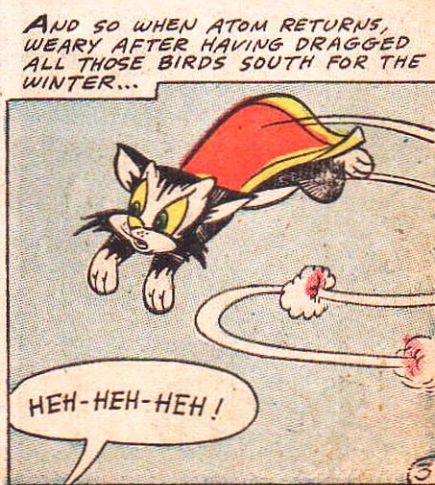
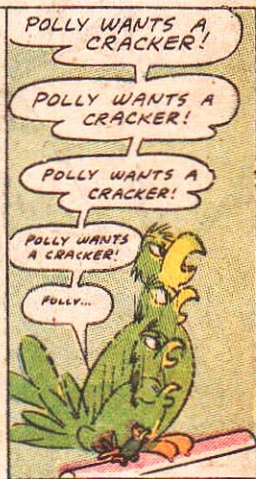
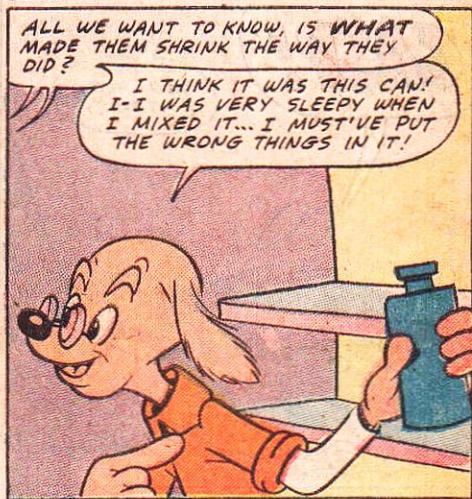


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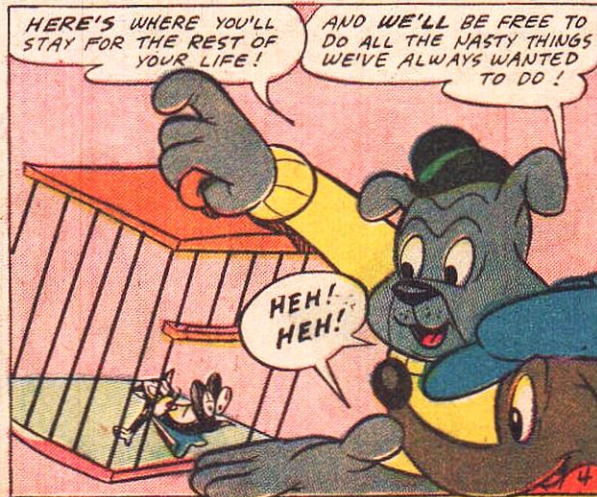
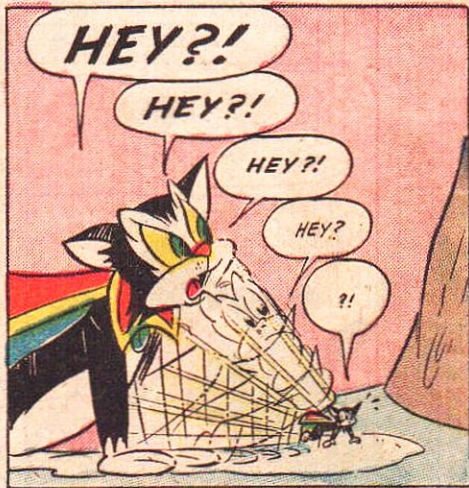
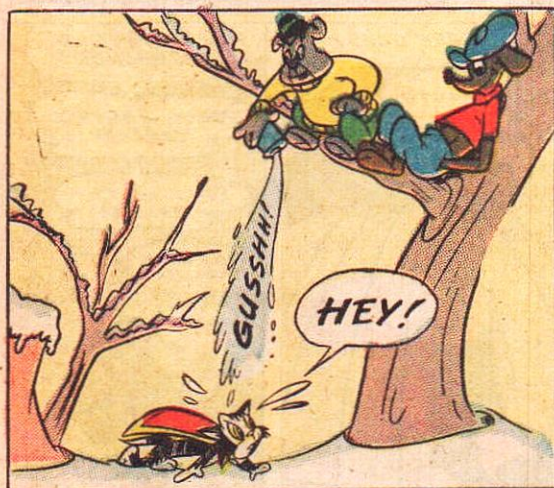
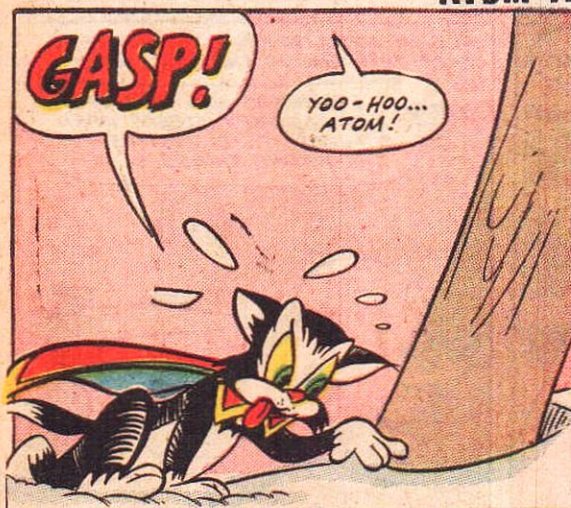


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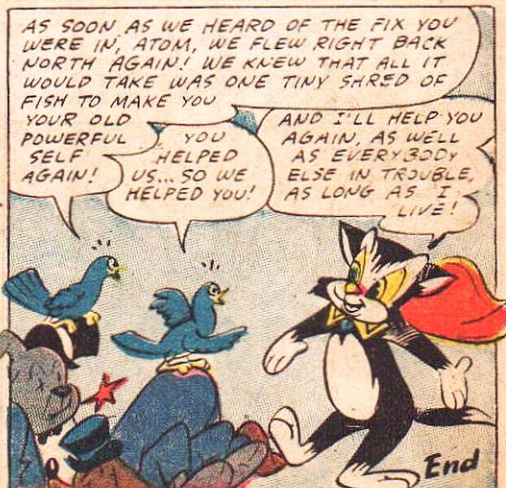
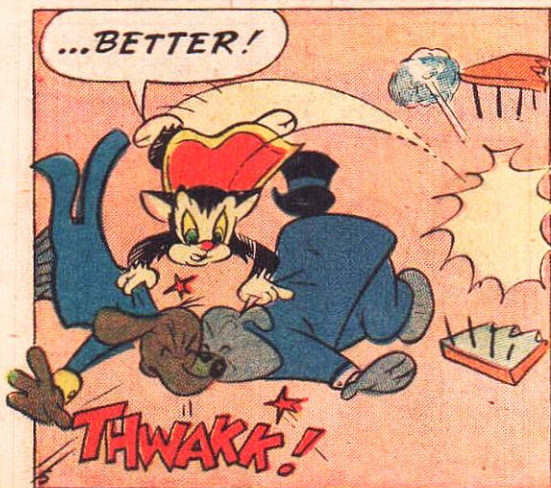
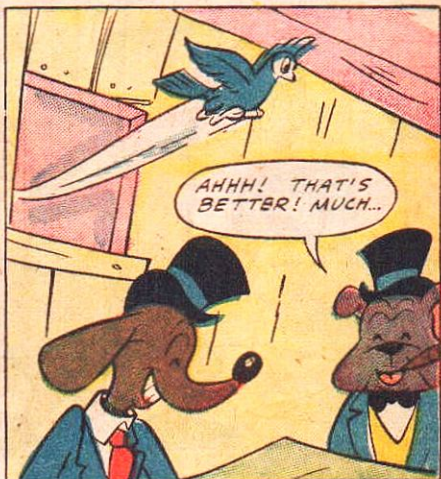
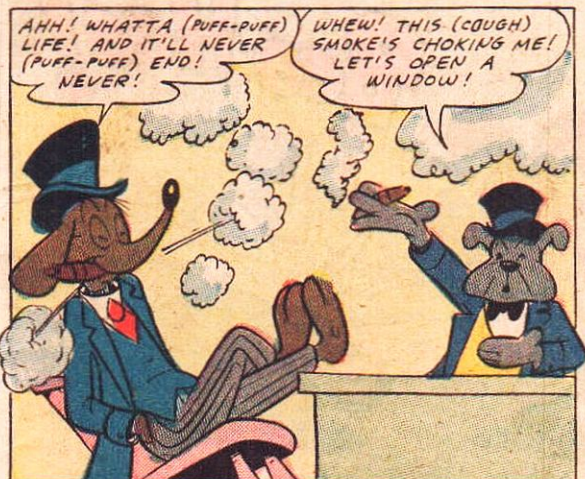
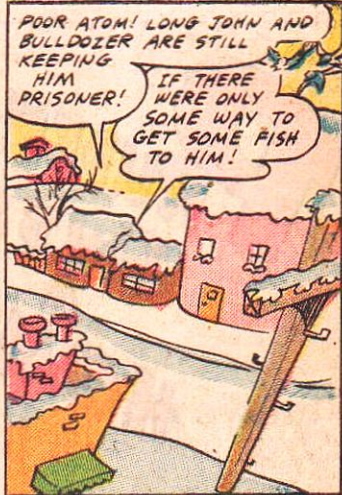
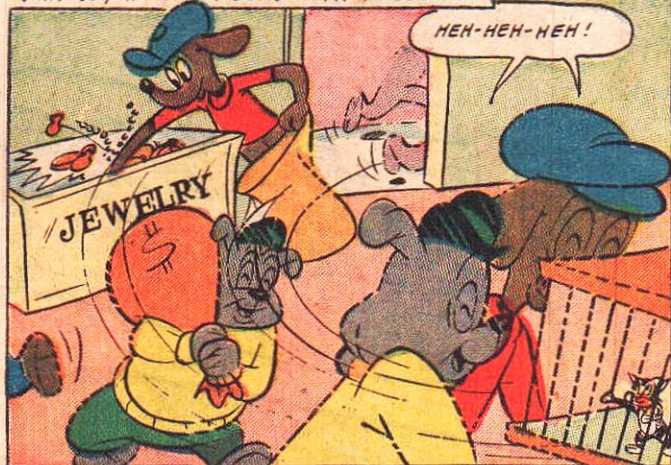
# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT

AND SO, IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOW...



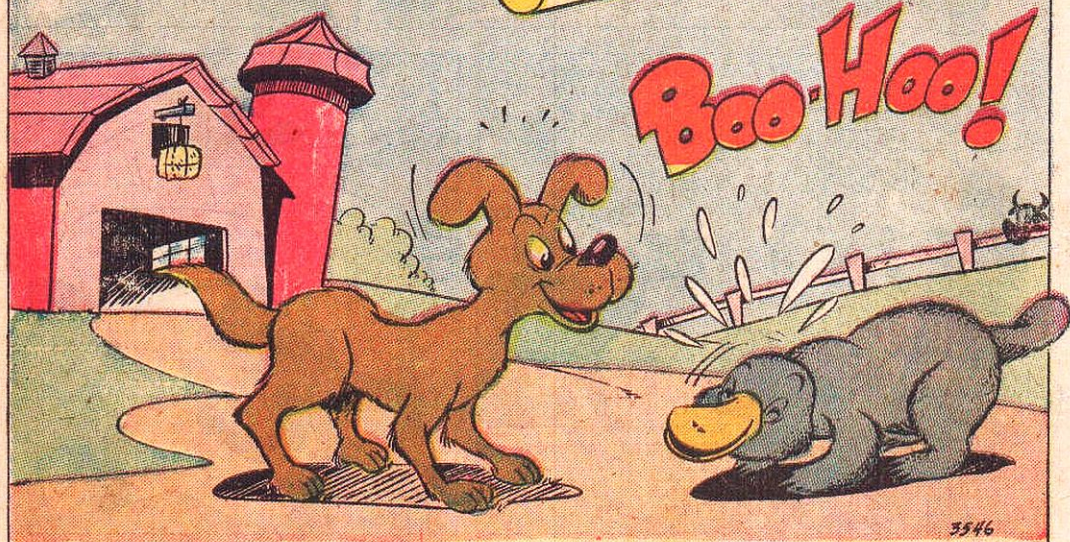
AND I'LL HELP YOU AGAIN, AS WELL AS EVERYBODY ELSE IN TROUBLE, AS LONG AS I LIVE!

End



# PRUDENCE FINDS A HOME!

IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN CONNECTICUT! THE SUN WAS SHINING! THE BIRDS WERE CHIRPING MERRILY AS THEY WINGED OVER FARMER GRAY'S RED BARN! NO ONE COULD BE UNHAPPY ON SUCH A DAY! NO ONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT...

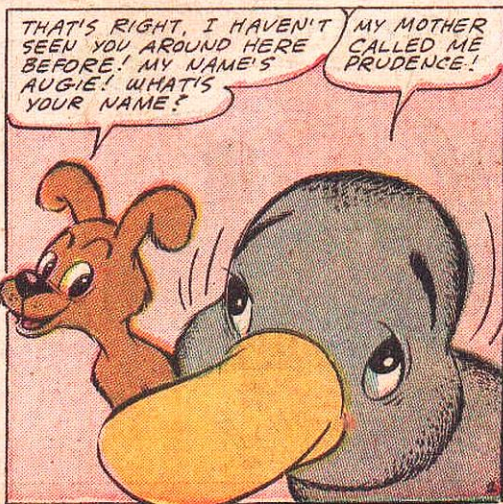


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WHAT'S THE TROUBLE, SISSY?

"BOO-HOO!" I'M NEW HERE AND NO ONE PAYS ANY ATTENTION TO ME! (SNIFF) I'M LONELY!

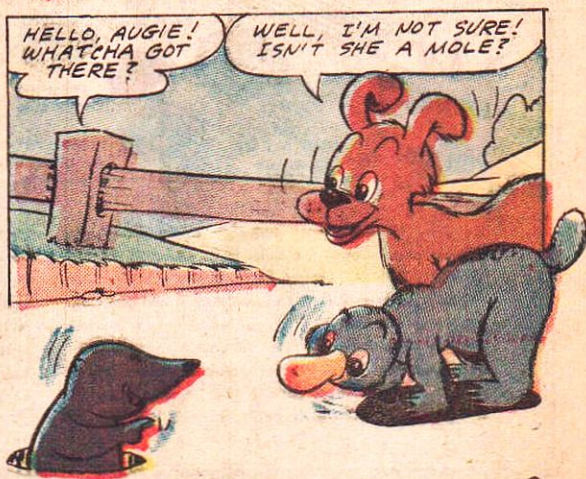
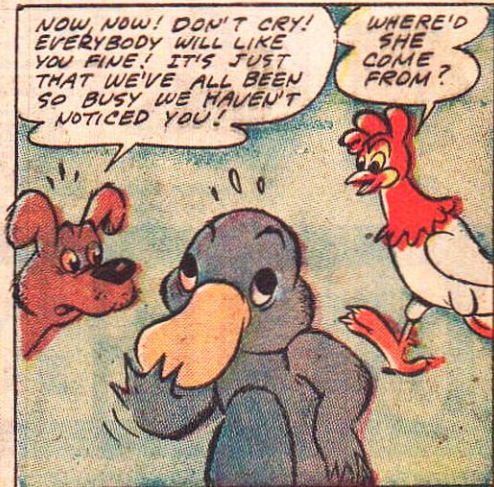
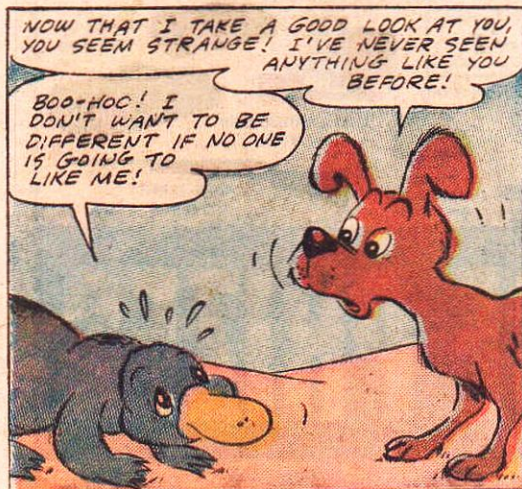


THAT'S RIGHT, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU AROUND HERE BEFORE! MY NAME'S AUGIE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

MY MOTHER CALLED ME PRUDENCE!



# ATOM THE CAT







YUCCA PACK  
Only 12 Boxes



ELECTRICAL WORKSHOP  
Only 12 Boxes



H-1 SPIN FISHING OUTFIT Only 20 Boxes



COLEMAN CAMP STOVE  
Only 20 Boxes



TWO MAN  
MOUNTAIN TENT  
Only 20 Boxes



ANSO READYFLASH OUTFIT  
Only 20 Boxes



BELL TELE-TYPewriter  
Only 20 Boxes



MARLIN .22 RIFLE  
Only 40 Boxes

# GET THESE PRIZES



FLASH CAMERA  
Only 12 Boxes



FLYING CIRCUS PLANE  
Only 12 Boxes



PUP TENT  
Only 12 Boxes



CLOCK RADIO  
Only 40 Boxes



STAMP  
COLLECTORS OUTFIT  
Only 12 Boxes



SPALDING BADMINTON SET  
Only 20 Boxes



PIANO ACCORDION  
Only 12 Boxes



TRANSISTOR  
PORTABLE RADIO  
Only 40 Boxes



DAISY EAGLE AIR RIFLE  
Only 20 Boxes



KNIFE AND AXE SET  
Only 12 Boxes



OVERNIGHT CAMPING SET  
Only 12 Boxes



ROLLER SKATES  
Only 12 Boxes



ELECTRIC TOOL KIT  
Only 20 Boxes



CASCO STEAM IRON  
Only 20 Boxes



WEBCOR  
PHONOGRAPH  
Only 40 Boxes



SENIOR CHEMISTRY SET  
Only 20 Boxes



TRAIN CASE  
Only 20 Boxes



DAISY RED RIDER  
Only 12 Boxes



ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR  
Only 20 Boxes



8mm. MOVIE  
PROJECTOR  
Only 40 Boxes



RADAR ROCKET CANNON  
Only 12 Boxes



POWER KING  
LANTERN  
Only 12 Boxes



PROP ROD  
RACE CAR  
Only 12 Boxes



F-51 MUSTANG  
Only 20 Boxes



U. S. BUGLE  
Only 12 Boxes



TYPEWRITER  
Only 20 Boxes



VOIT SKIN DIVING OUTFIT  
Only 12 Boxes



TRANSISTOR RADIO  
BROADCASTER  
Only 12 Boxes



VOIT TETHER BALL SET  
Only 20 Boxes



TELEPHONE SET  
Only 12 Boxes



ALLYN SPEEDBOAT  
Only 20 Boxes



SLEEPING BAG  
Only 20 Boxes



VOIT BASKETBALL  
Only 12 Boxes

HERE'S  
ALL  
YOU DO!

It's easy to earn these valuable prizes when you become a member of the Junior Sales Club. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING! Selling these lovely All Occasion Cards is amazingly easy because they would cost much more if sold in a store. You sell each box for the low bargain price of only \$1.25. All your friends, relatives and neighbors will be anxious to buy such fine cards -- in fact many members earn a prize in only one day. IF YOU WISH, YOU MAY EVEN KEEP AS YOUR PRIZE,

50¢ FOR EACH BOX YOU SELL! The first thing you do is pick out the prize you want. Then, simply fill out the coupon with your name and address and indicate whether you want 12 or 20 boxes. (If prize requires more than 20 boxes, start off with 20 boxes.) We send your cards on credit because WE TRUST YOU. You have 30 days to sell your cards. The J.S.C.A. Club Plan is quick and easy!

MAIL YOUR COUPON NOW!

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA





ELECTRIC  
FRY PAN  
Only 20 Boxes



AUTOMATIC TOASTER  
Only 20 Boxes



GIRLS' BRACELET WATCH  
Only 20 Boxes



SKIN DIVER WATCH  
Only 12 Boxes

FIELD GLASSES  
Only 12 Boxes



## OR CASH PROFITS

AT NO COST TO YOU!

Imagine!  
Your Own TV  
...or BIKE!



SPALDING  
GLOVE AND BALL  
Only 20 Boxes



WEEKENDER BAG  
Only 20 Boxes



NAVY CUTLASS  
Only 20 Boxes

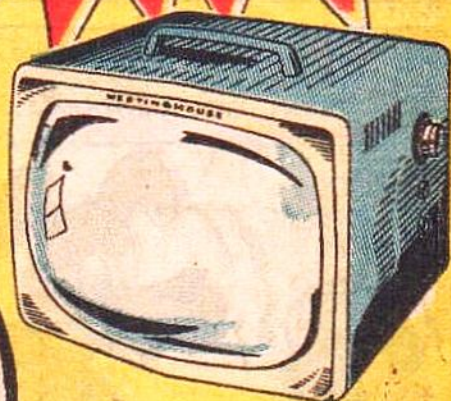
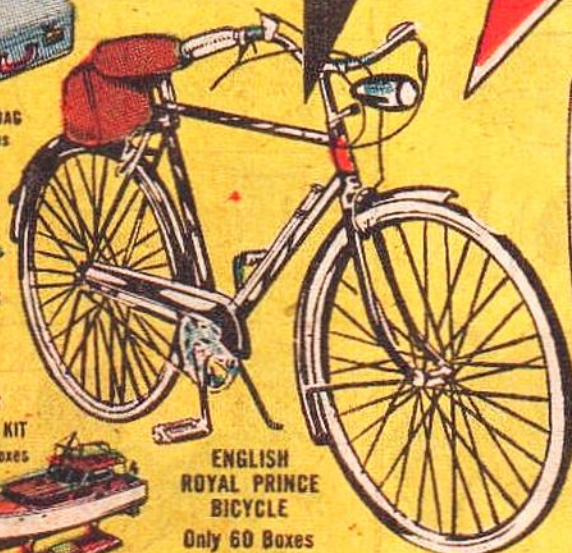


COMET SABRE  
Only 12 Boxes

SPORT  
CRUISER KIT  
Only 12 Boxes



ENGLISH  
ROYAL PRINCE  
BICYCLE  
Only 60 Boxes



WESTINGHOUSE PORTABLE TV  
Only 180 Boxes



SUPER CRUISER KIT  
& ENGINE  
Only 12 Boxes



DRILON SWEATER SET  
Only 12 Boxes



JIG SAW  
Only 20 Boxes



DAUNTLESS KIT  
AND  
TORPEDO ENGINE  
Only 20 Boxes



REVELL MODEL KITS  
Only 12 Boxes



SEA WITCH KIT  
Only 12 Boxes



WATER WIZARD  
Only 12 Boxes



ARCHERY SET  
Only 12 Boxes



TABLE TENNIS SET  
Only 12 Boxes



CAMP COOK KIT  
Only 20 Boxes



REVELL MODEL KITS  
Only 12 Boxes



MICROSCOPE SET  
Only 20 Boxes

### NOTICE TO PARENTS

We guarantee all our prizes and back up our guarantee with a 40% cash refund if a prize is returned for any reason. Cards are sent to your child on credit for 30 days. All we ask is that any boxes unsold at the end of 30 days be returned prepaid by Parcel Post; a cash commission of 30% can be kept for each box sold. We have received numerous comments from parents stating that their children had learned responsibility and achieved a good deal of personal satisfaction from actually earning something through their own personal efforts. We feel certain that your child will benefit in more than a material way when he becomes a member of the JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA.

DON'T  
DELAY!  
JOIN  
TODAY!

### MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

JUNIOR SALES CLUB OF AMERICA  
SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

DEPT. CC-1

Enroll me as a member of the J.S.C.A. and send to me AT ONCE, FREE Membership Card, FREE Prize Catalog, complete details on how to get valuable prizes and a supply of All Occasion Card boxes to sell as checked below:

☐ 12 BOXES

☐ 20 BOXES

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

ZONE

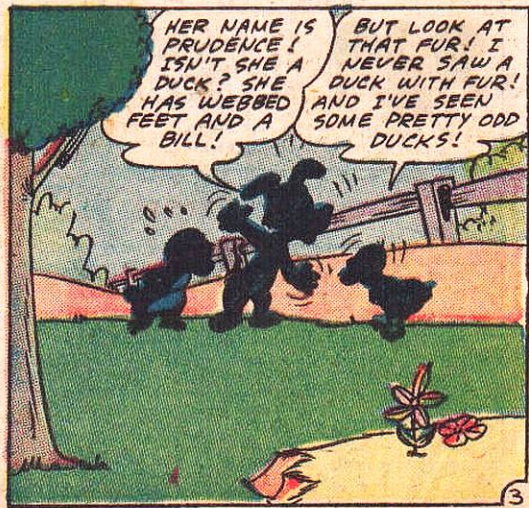
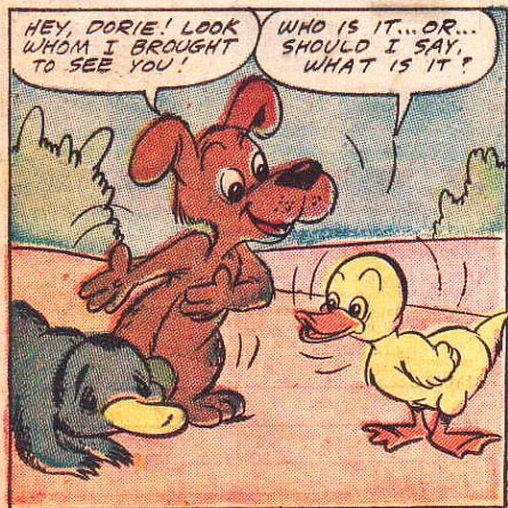
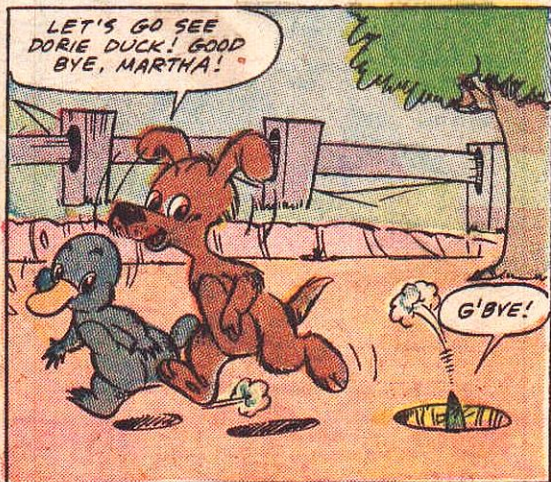
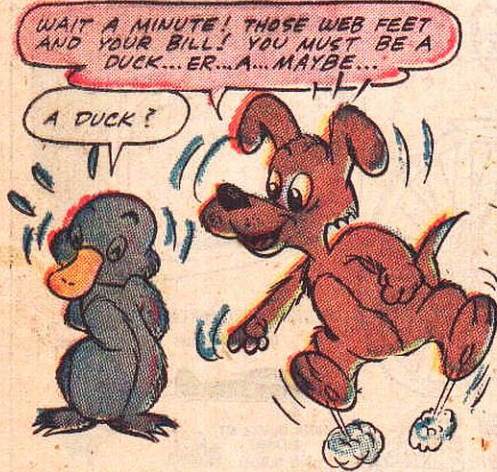
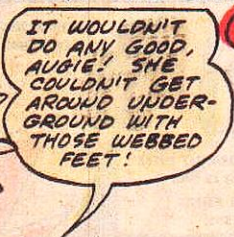
STATE

Parent's Signature

Springfield 1, Massachusetts

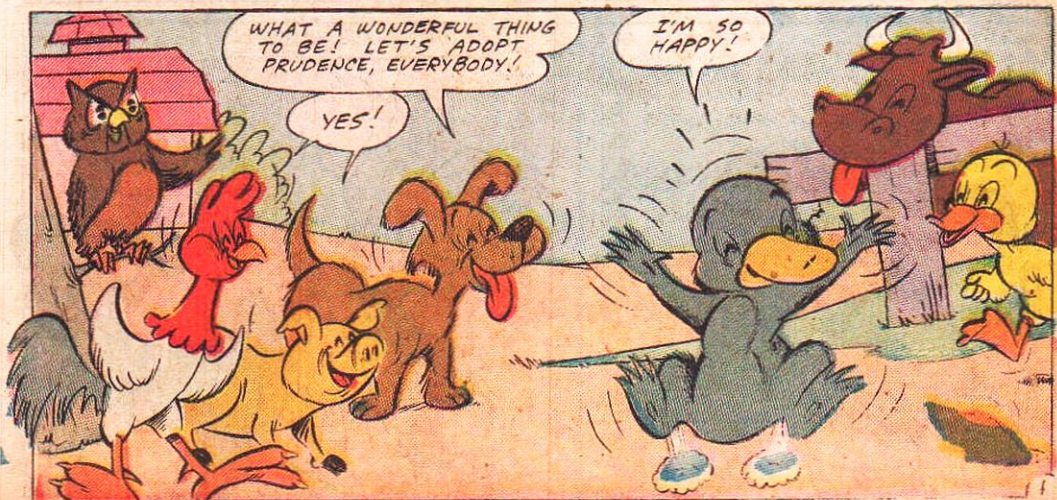
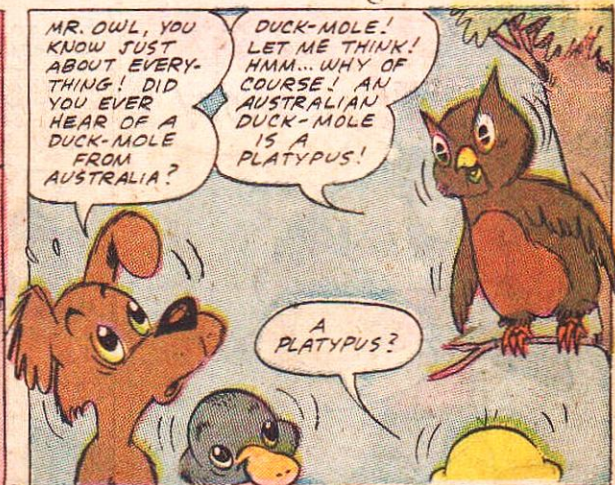
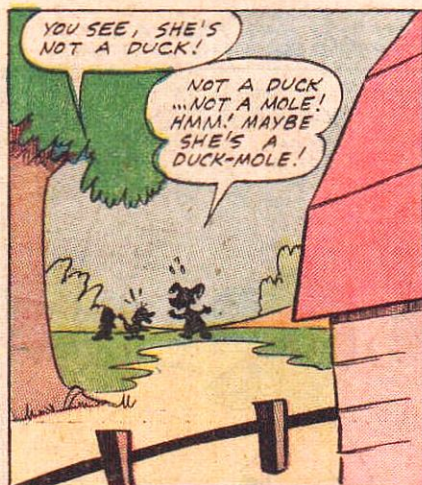
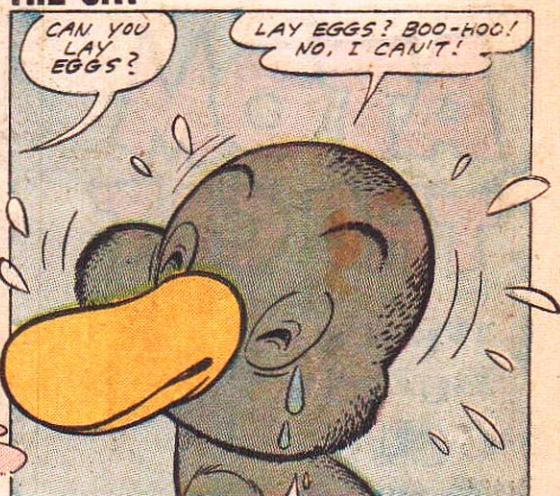
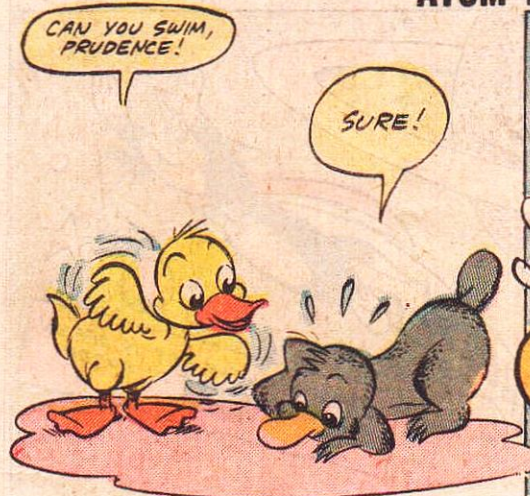


# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT



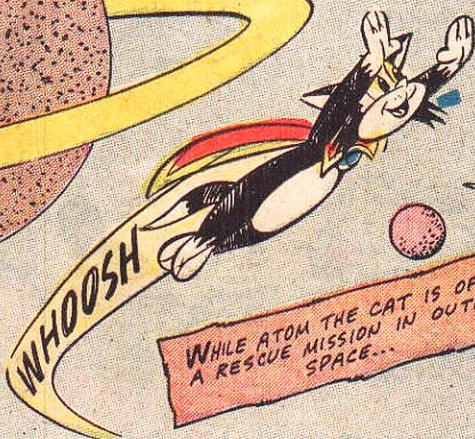


# ATOM THE CAT

## ATOM THE CAT

WHAT'S  
BUZZIN'  
COUSIN ?

3602

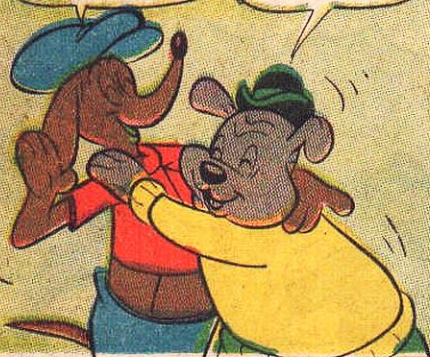


WHILE ATOM THE CAT IS OFF ON  
A RESCUE MISSION IN OUTER  
SPACE...

...HIS TWO ARCH ENEMIES ARE OFF THEIR  
ROCKERS WITH WICKED JOY!

YIPPEE!

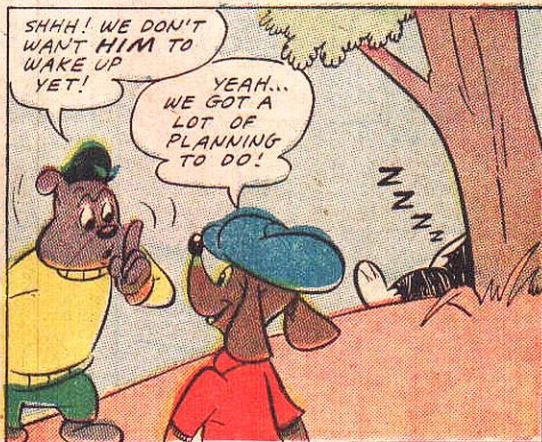
WAHOO!



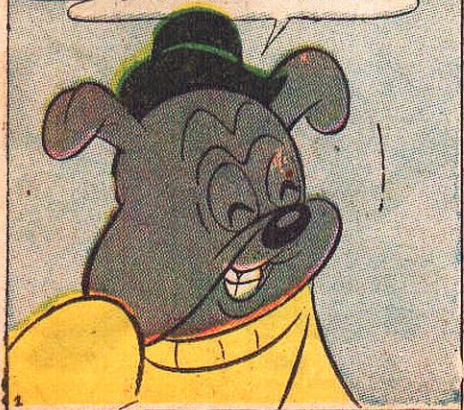
FOR AT LAST THEY HAVE FOUND A WAY TO  
BLACKEN THE SPOTLESS NAME OF ATOM!

SHHH! WE DON'T  
WANT HIM TO  
WAKE UP  
YET!

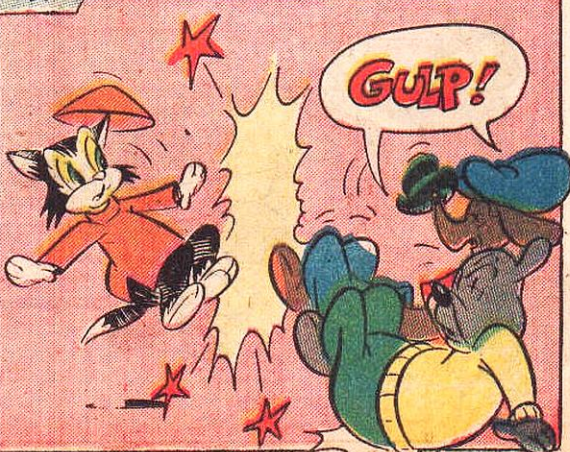
YEAH...  
WE GOT A  
LOT OF  
PLANNING  
TO DO!



THAT WAS SOME LUCKY BREAK FOR US,  
BUMPING INTO HIM THE WAY WE DID.  
WASN'T IT, LONG JOHN? EVEN IF  
ONLY FOR A MINUTE...

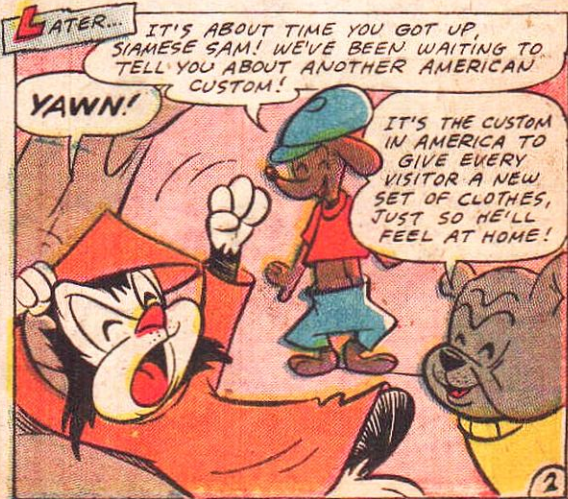
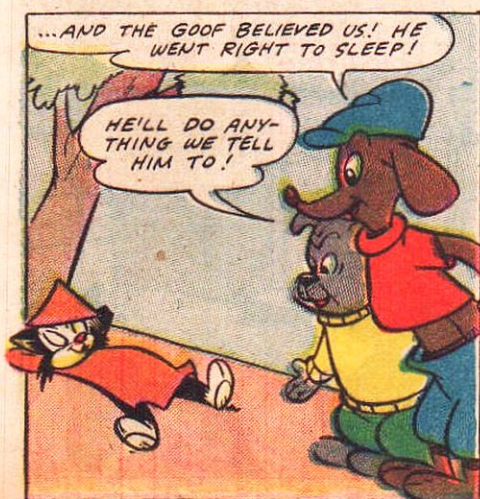


"...IT ALMOST SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF  
US!"



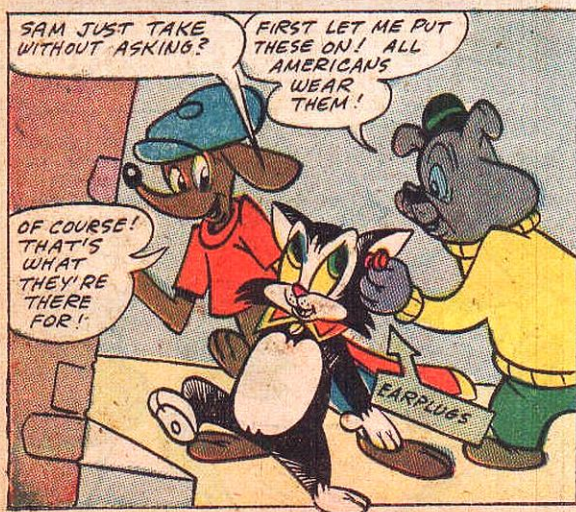
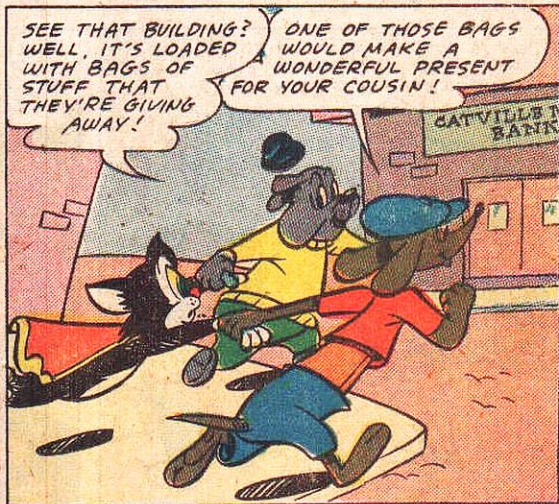
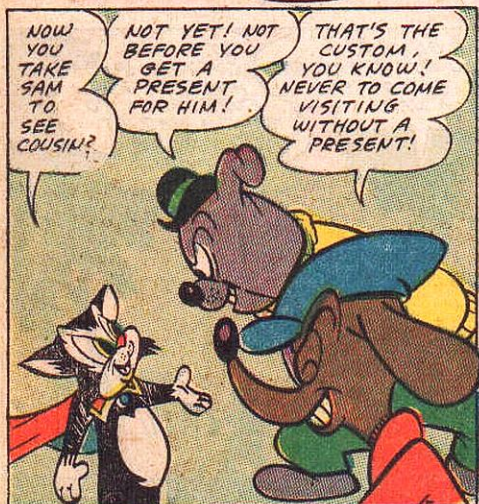
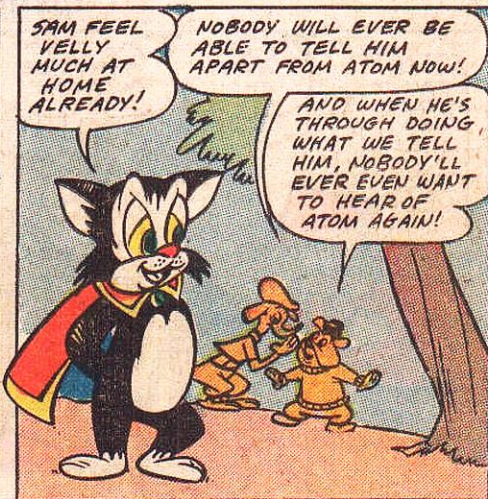
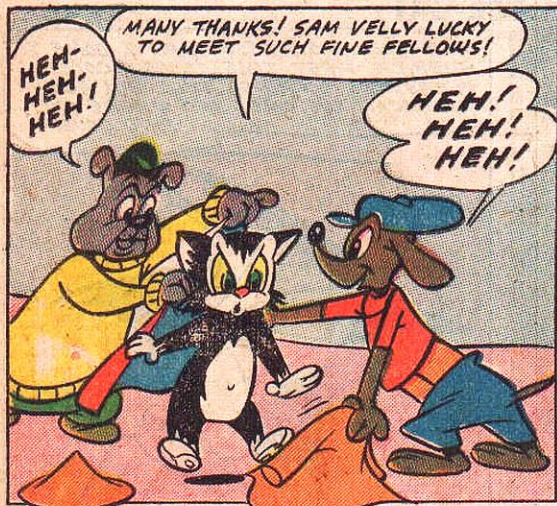


# ATOM THE CAT



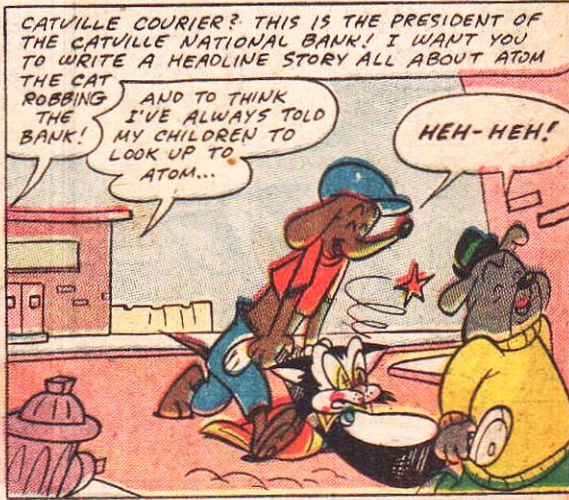
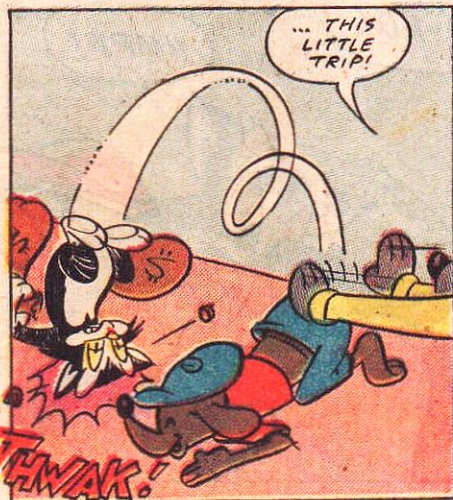


# ATOM THE CAT

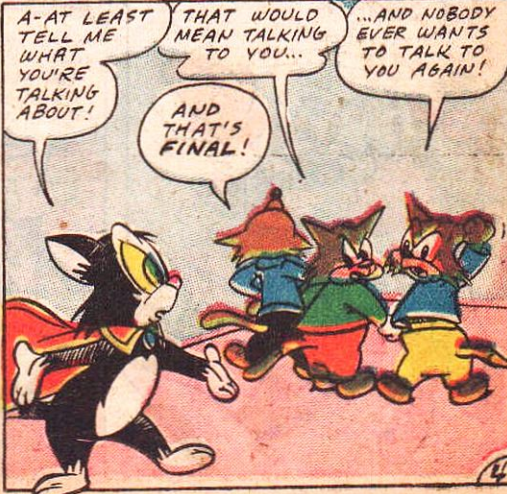
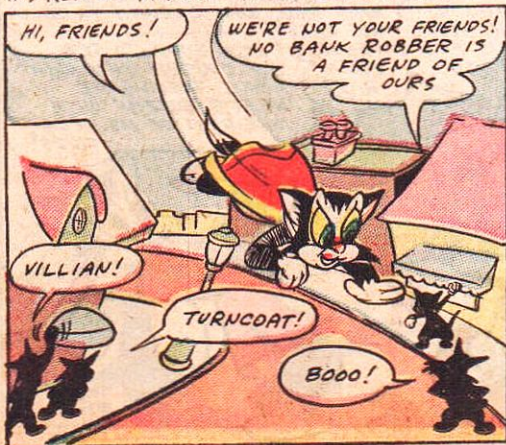




# ATOM THE CAT

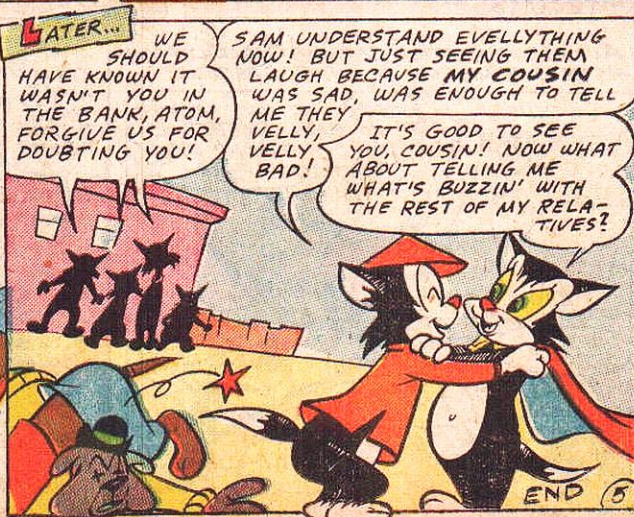
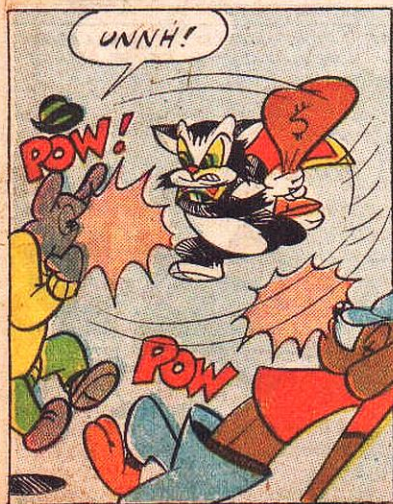
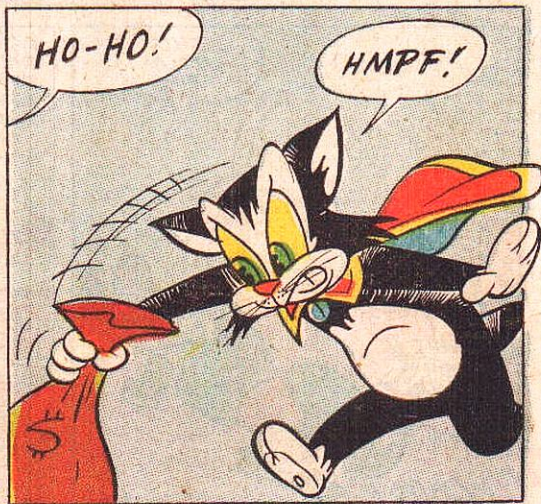
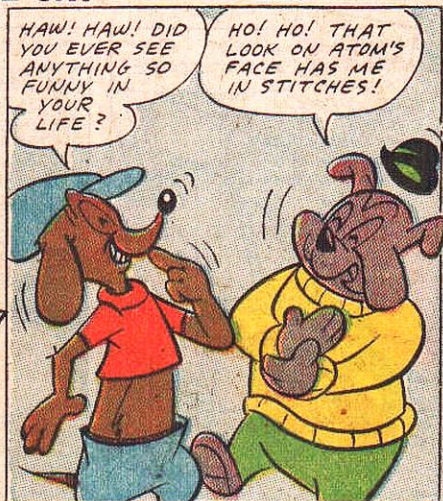
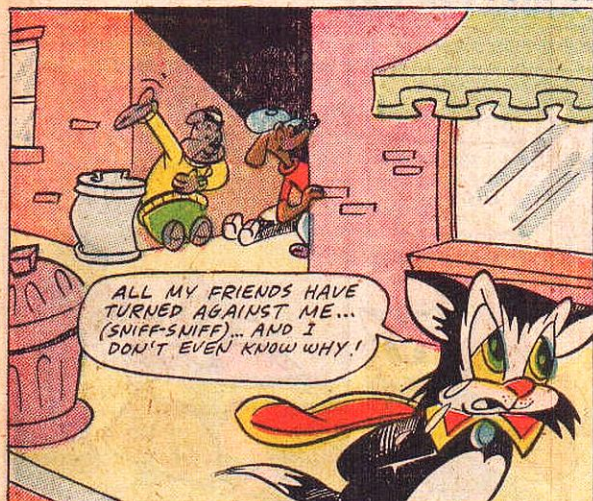


AND SO WHEN ATOM RETURNS WEARILY FROM  
HIS RESCUE MISSION TO OUTER SPACE...





# ATOM THE CAT





# A FLY IN THE OINTMENT

"Okay, Skippy, hold that pose," shouted Freddie Fox to Skippy Rabbit.

"Hurry up, Freddie!" called Skippy, "I'm getting very tired hanging here from this tree by my ears."

Freddie Fox clicked the shutter of his new camera, then said, "That's it, Skippy, I've got it. You can come down now."

The little rabbit let go of the tree limb and came crashing to the ground. "Freddie, this is the last time I'll ever pose for you. I know you're a real camera bug, but you're driving me crazy with these silly poses. I could've really gotten hurt."

"Aw, what's a little bump?" replied Freddie. "We've gotten some great shots today." Then he paused for an instant. "Just wait until you see what I've planned for tomorrow afternoon..."

But Freddie Fox never got the chance to tell Skippy Rabbit the next day's photography plans; for Skippy disappeared over the hill in a white fluffy blur. He had had enough posing for one day.

"Hey, Freddie," came a squeaky little voice from underneath a big rock. "How long do I have to hold this rock over my head? Aren't you ever going to take my picture?"

It was Mippy Mouse, and Freddie had forgotten all about him while he was talking to Skippy Rabbit.

"Be right there," answered Freddie. "I just have to reload the camera... Okay now, hold it, a little higher. Perfect!"

Just as Freddie took the picture, Mippy, weighted down by the heavy rock, toppled over on his back.

"Ouch," shrieked the little mouse, "that hurt!"

"All right, Mippy, you're excused for the day," said Freddie.

"Hmph!" grunted Mippy Mouse as he limped away. "Two hours of posing and not even a 'thank you'."

With his two favorite subjects gone for the day, Freddie Fox gathered up his camera and photographic supplies and began looking around the forest for more subjects to photograph.

"This has been a pretty successful afternoon," he thought to himself. "I'll just shoot a few more of the gang and call it a day."

Freddie didn't have to look very far. For, there, sitting under a big oak tree were Chippy Chipmunk, Petie Porcupine and Soapy Squirrel. The three friends were so busy chattering that they didn't see Freddie sneaking up on them with his loaded camera.

Just at the right instant, Freddie cupped one paw to his lips and shouted, "Run, run; the hunters are coming!"

Chippy, Petie and Soapy were so frightened by the sudden warning that each of them jumped a full three feet in the air. Freddie clicked his super-fast camera while all three were in mid-air, then shouted gleefully at the top of his lungs.

"Oh boy, what a shot! A perfect study of fear and surprise. Thanks, pals, thanks a lot for posing."

Poor Chippy, Petie and Soapy were too stunned to be angry. All they could do was stare at Freddie as he once again packed up his equipment and left the scene.

Yes, Freddie Fox was the best photographer in the forest — but he was getting on the nerves of all the other animals. They appreciated his talent, but at the same time, they wished he would stop bothering them to pose.

And a few days later their wish came true.

Skippy Rabbit was hopping by Freddie's house, when he noticed Freddie all by himself in the back yard. His camera was resting on a tree stump, and he sat on a little stool facing the lens. In his right hand was a thin string which was attached to the shutter of the camera.

"One, two, three," Freddie counted out loud. Then he pulled the string, and the camera clicked.

"What are you doing, 'Mr. Conceited'? Posing for your own pictures these days?" asked Skippy Rabbit jokingly.

"Laugh if you want to, wise guy," replied Freddie. "I'm going to make \$100 with this picture."

"One-hundred smackers?" echoed the little rabbit, perking up his long white ears.

"That's right," answered Freddie. "Just read this."

Freddie handed Skippy a copy of a magazine called "Animal Photography." Right on the cover, in big letters, were the words, "BIG CONTEST! ENTER NOW! (Turn To Page



5)." Skippy Rabbit turned to Page 5 and read the rules of the contest hurriedly.

"You see that?" said Freddie. "This magazine is having a contest, and the first prize winner receives \$100. "Then he added, "And I can sure use the money."

Skippy Rabbit laughed. "How can you be so sure of winning, Freddie? Besides, the rules say it must be a portrait shot."

"And what could be better than a SELF PORTRAIT?" Freddie retorted.

"Oh, Freddie, you're too much," giggled Skippy. "But, who knows? Maybe you will win. Anyway, I certainly wish you luck."

Skippy Rabbit hopped off into the woods, and Freddie returned to his work. "Let's see, now," he mused, I think that last shot was a pretty good one. I guess I'll develop it."

The photographic fox disappeared into the dark room he had set up in his basement and went to work. In a few hours he came dashing out of the dark room with a big grin on his face.

"Perfect, it's perfect," he shouted — although there was nobody around to hear him.

Freddie dashed off into the woods to find Skippy Rabbit and show him the finished pictures. He finally located him sitting beside some bushes munching a raw carrot.

"Look, Skippy," Freddie said excitedly, "isn't it a beauty?"

"Hmm," answered Skippy, "yes, it is a pretty good photograph."

"What do you mean, 'pretty good'?" said Freddie. "It's a great picture of me and it's going to win first prize!"

And Freddie Fox stalked off to the nearest mail box, addressed the envelope he had with him and mailed in his contest entry.

A week went by . . . two weeks . . . three weeks — and nothing happened. Even Freddie had almost forgotten about the "Animal Photography" contest and went back to his favorite hobby of snapping pictures of all his animal

friends.

Then, exactly one month from the day Freddie had entered the contest, old Grampa 'Possum, the mail carrier, knocked at Freddie Fox's door.

"Got somethin' here that might interest you, Freddie," said Grampa 'Possum. And he handed him a copy of the latest issue of "Animal Photography." Freddie looked at the cover and leaped up with joy.

"Look, look," he screamed happily, "I've won the photography contest. There's my name right on the cover."

Freddie quickly turned to the page where the winning pictures were printed — and a disappointed look came over his face.

"Hey," said Freddie to Grampa 'Possum, "I don't see my picture on this page, yet the cover says I won first prize."

"Why, here's your winning picture right here, Freddie," said the mail carrier. Grampa was pointing to a large picture of a fly, under which Freddie's name appeared. The caption read: "Best portrait photograph submitted by Freddie Fox."

Freddie studied the winning photo in amazement. It was a picture of a fly, all right, and under the fly was a large, rounded black shape. Then, all at once, it had happened dawned on Freddie. The magazine editors had blown up his original photograph and noticed that a fly was perched on his nose. So they blew up the picture even more, eliminating Freddie's face and concentrating on the fly — which they must have thought was the finest looking fly ever photographed.

"Don't take it so hard, Freddie," comforted Grampa 'Possum. "Remember, you've got \$100 coming to you."

"Yes, I guess I should be thankful," Freddie replied. "But from now on I'll be mighty careful whenever I take pictures."

THE END





# ATOM THE CAT



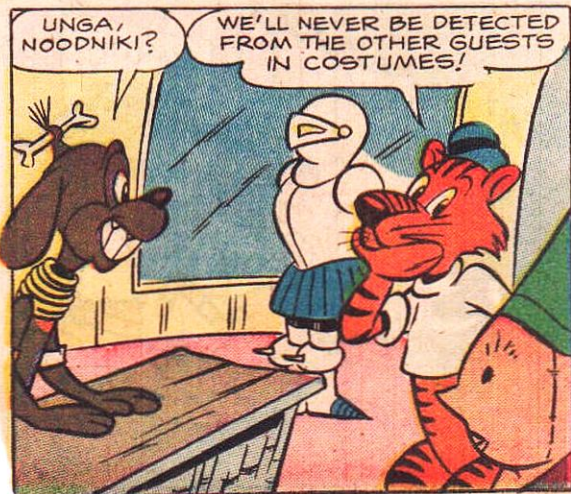
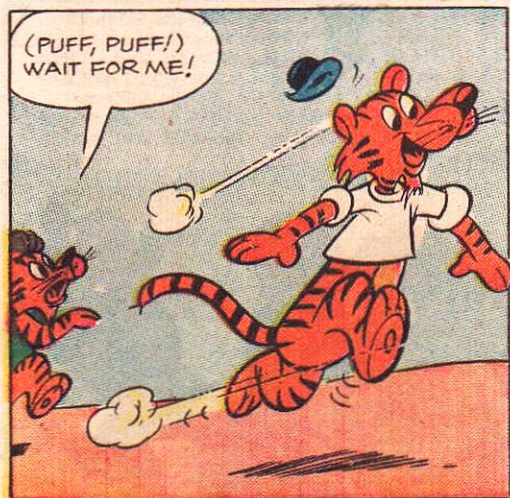
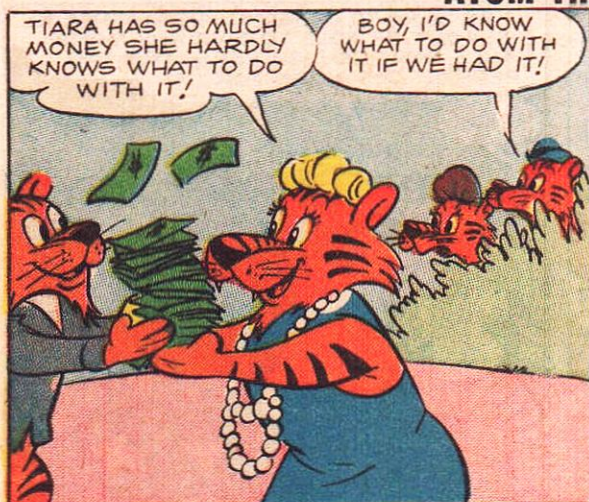


# ATOM THE CAT



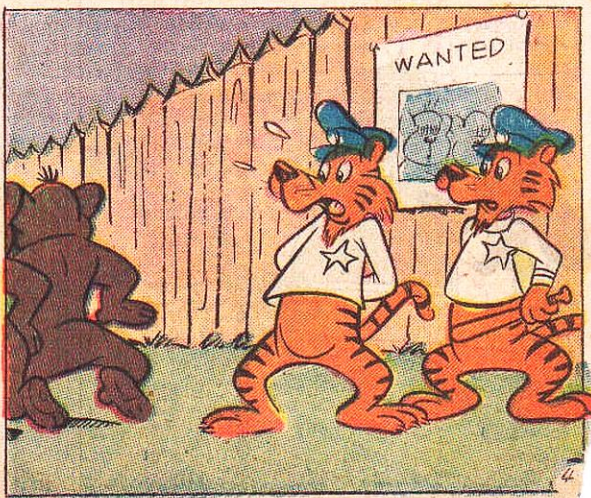
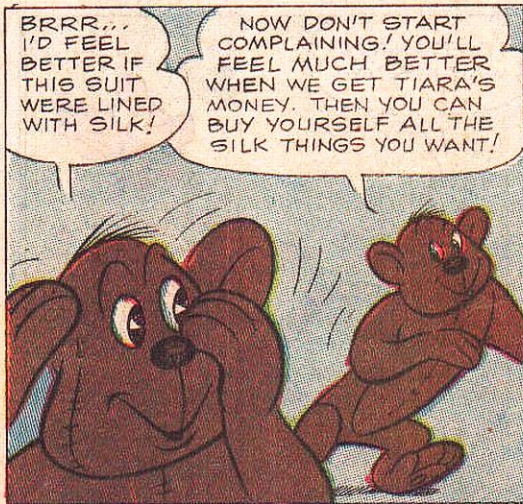


# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT



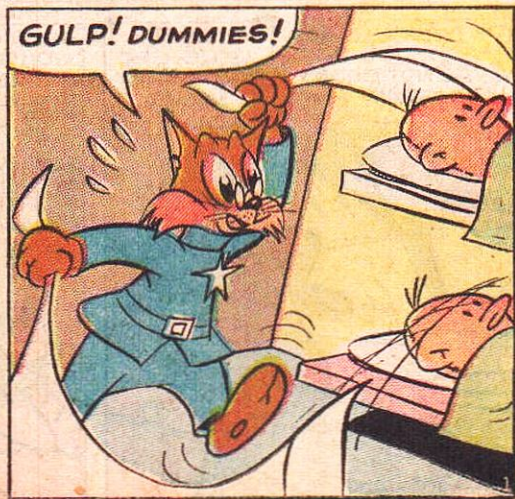
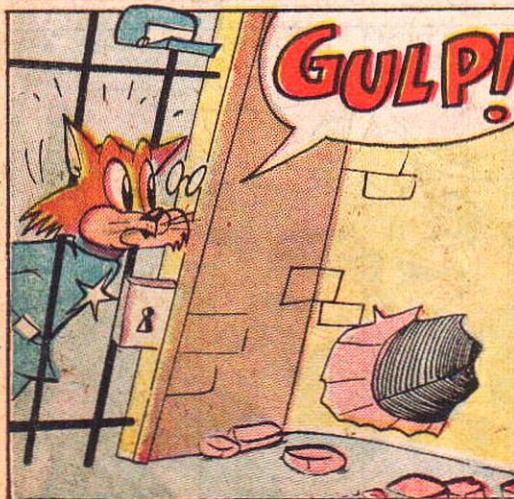
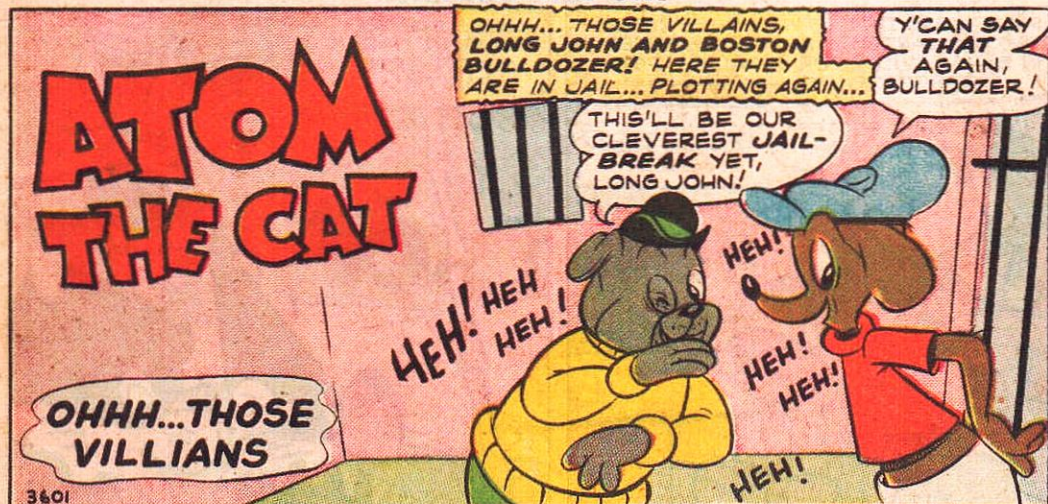


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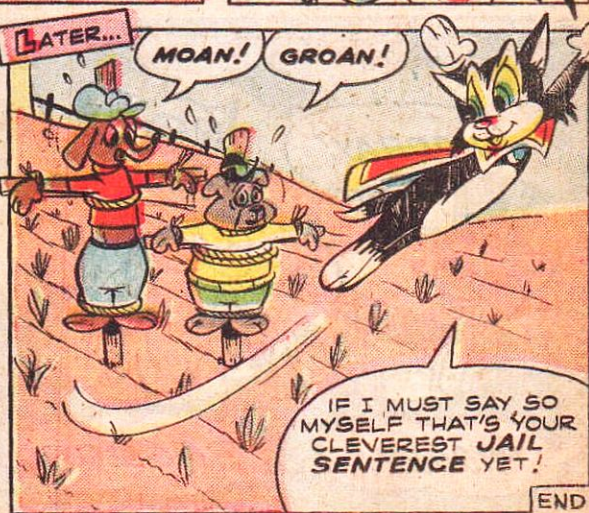
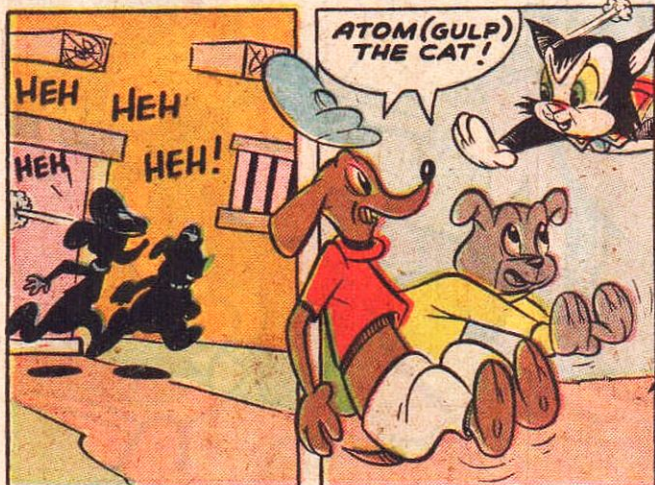
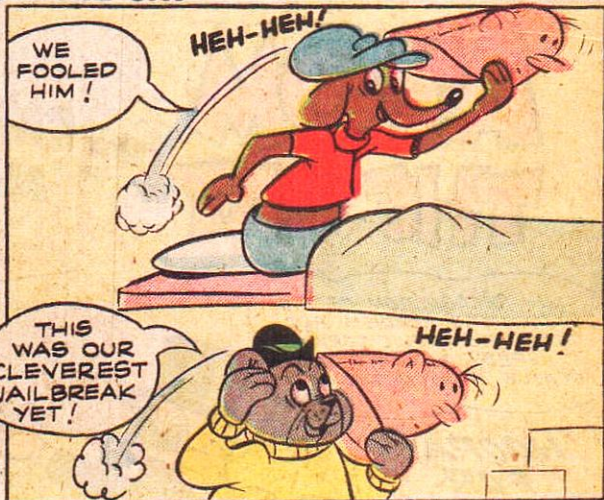


# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT

## ATOM THE CAT

in THE CANNONBALL THAT ALMOST WASN'T

...IN RECOGNITION OF HIS UNDAUNTED HEROISM AND CEASELESS PUBLIC SERVICE I HEREBY DEDICATE THIS STATUE OF ATOM THE CAT!

HOORAY FOR ATOM!



3644

HOORAY!



PHOOEY!

BOOOO!

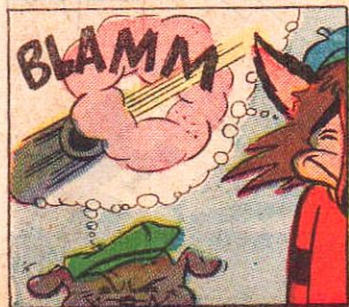
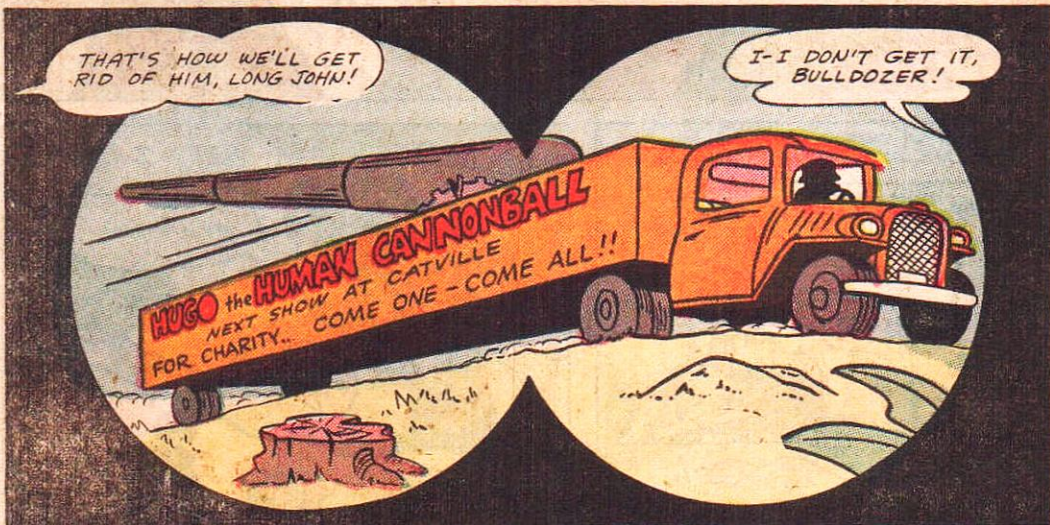
SICKENING HOW THEY ALL KEEP CHEERING ATOM... HUH, LONG JOHN?

POSITIVELY DISGUSTING... HUH, BULLDOZER!



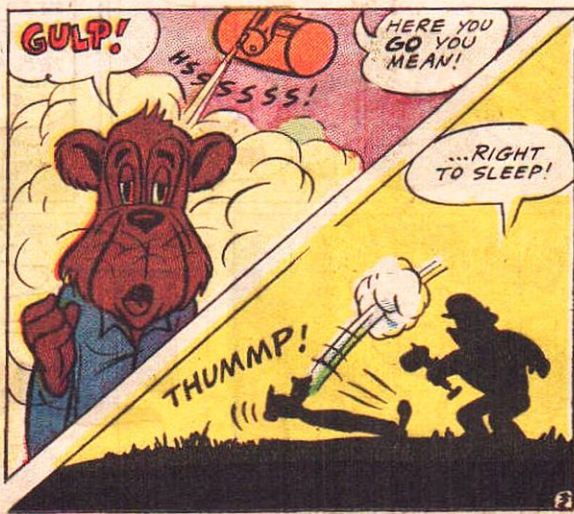
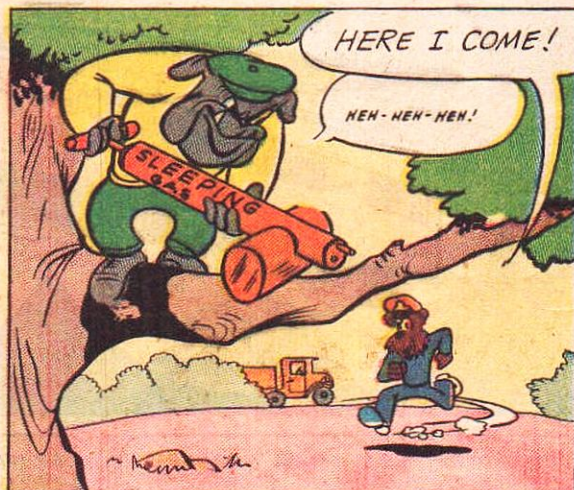
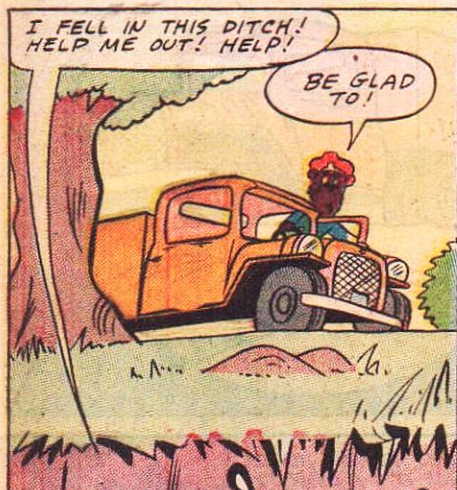
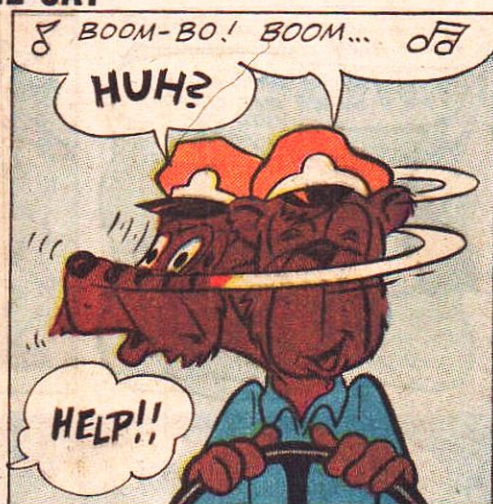
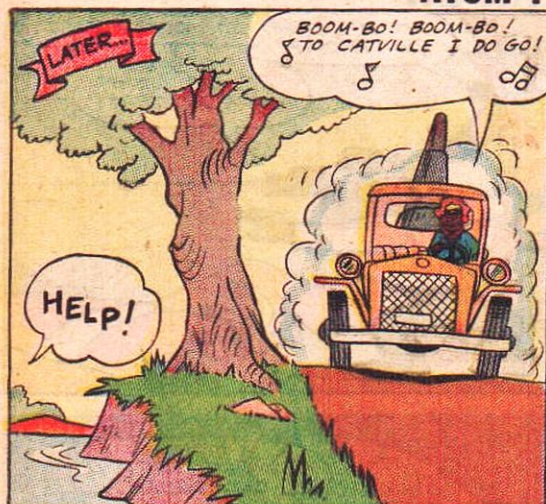


# ATOM THE CAT





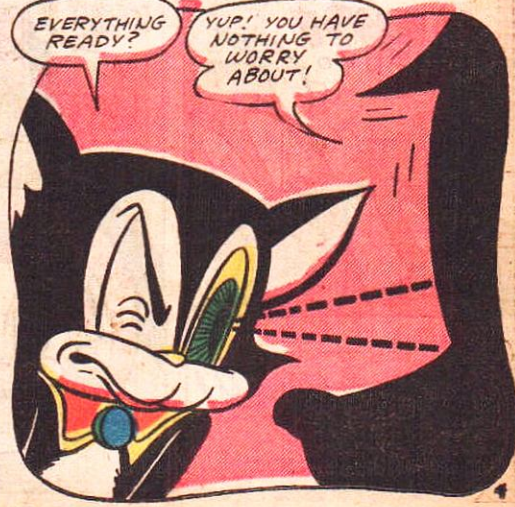
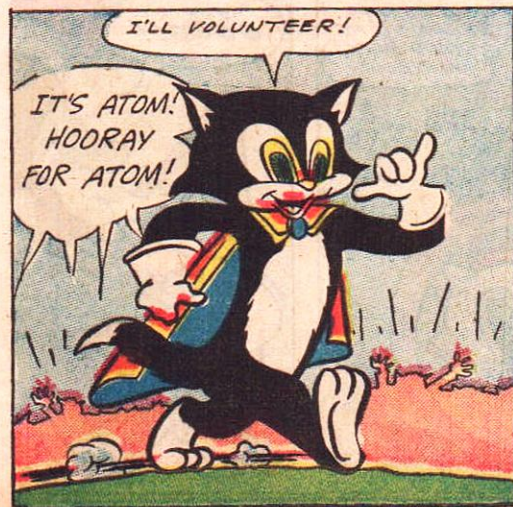
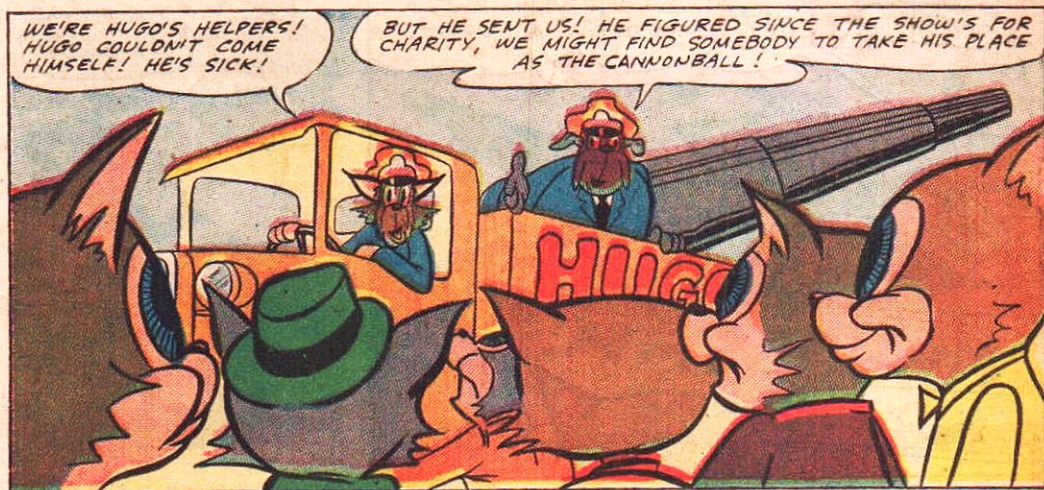
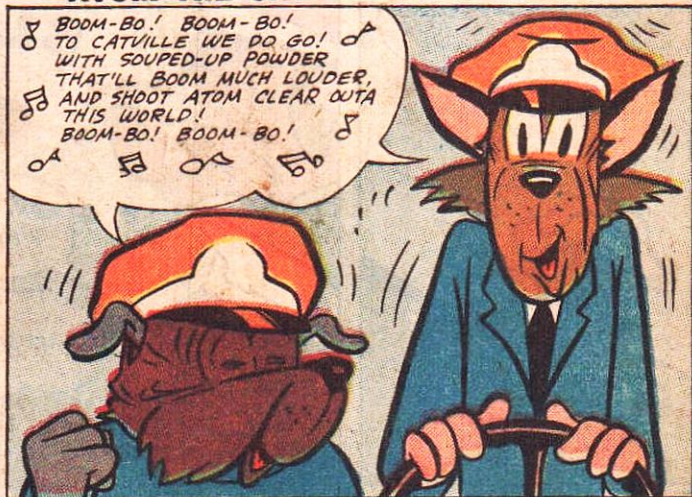
# ATOM THE CAT





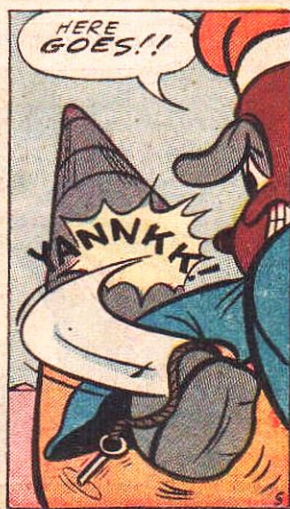
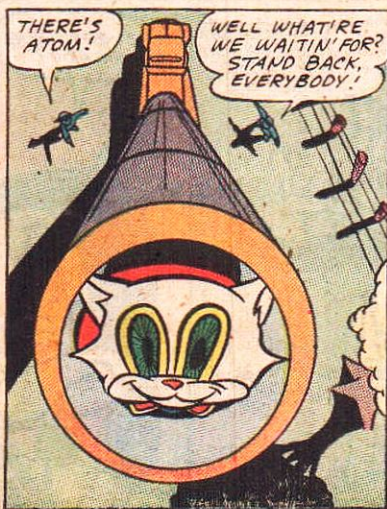
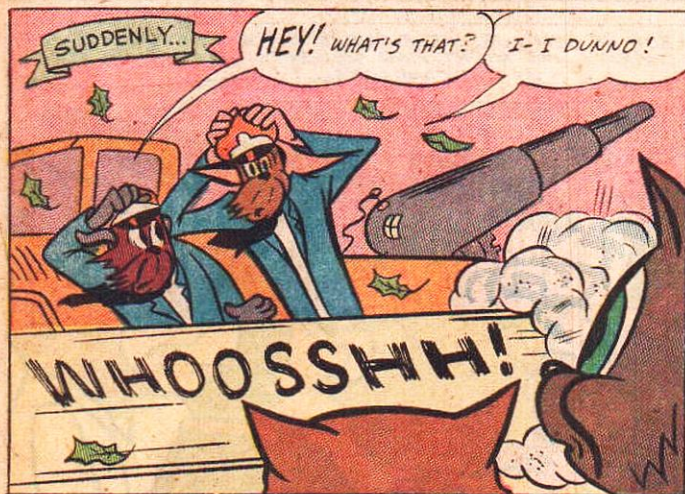
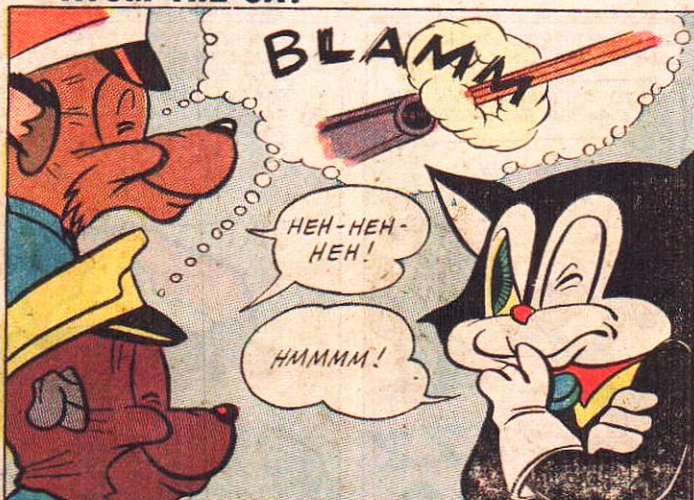
# ATOM THE CAT

31



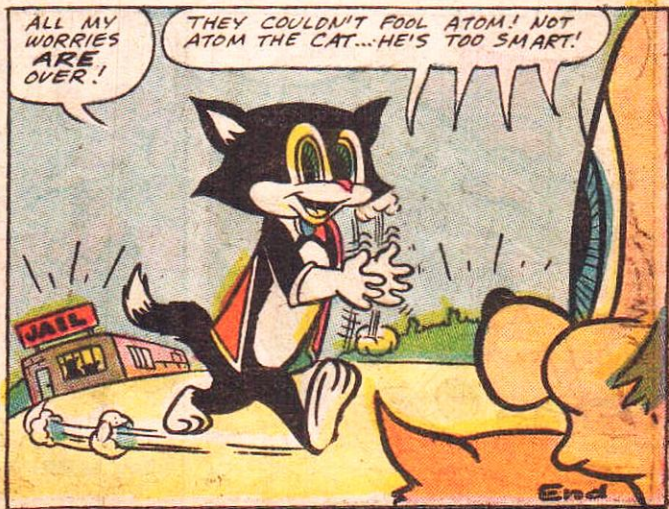
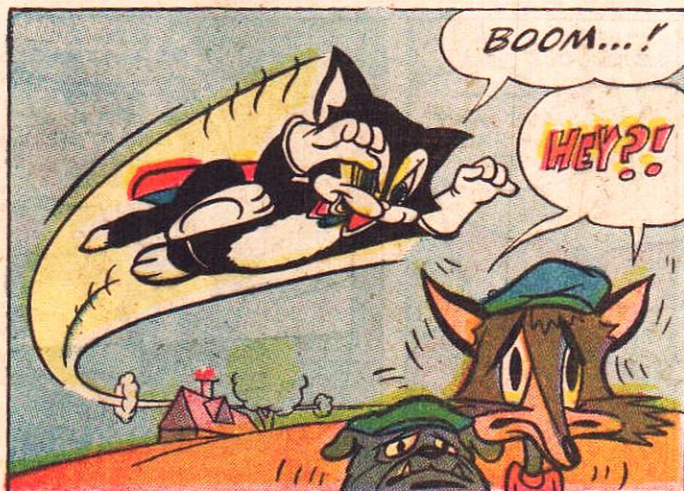
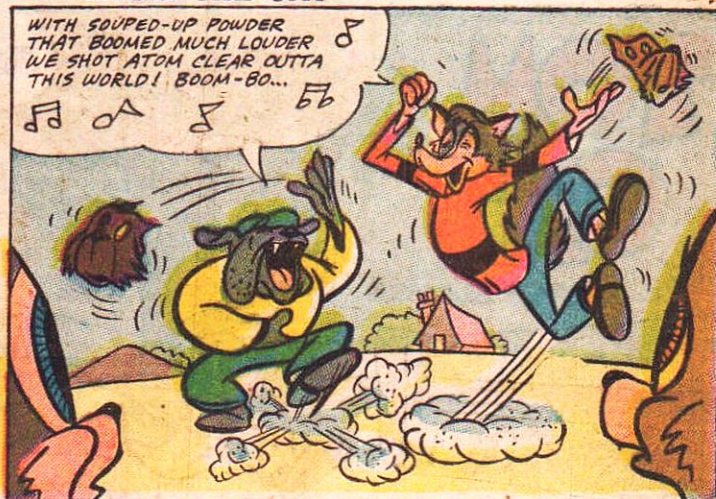
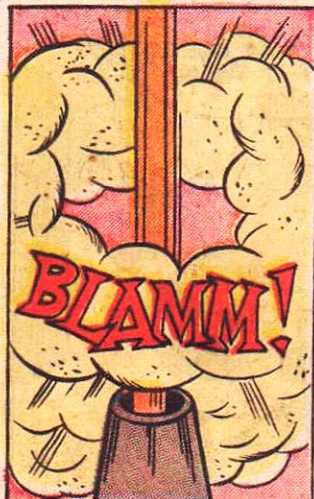


# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT



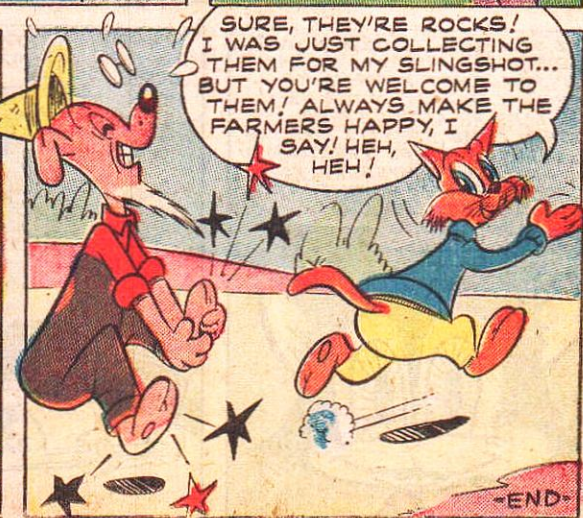
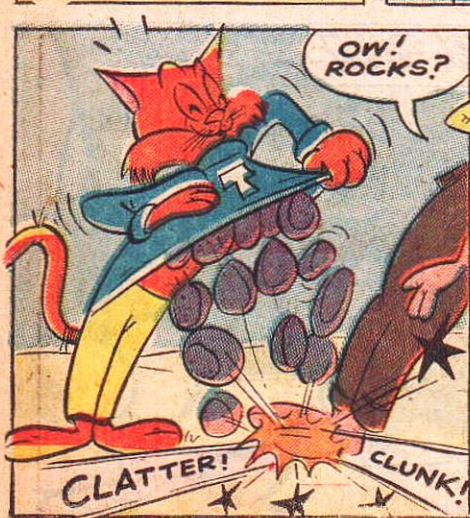
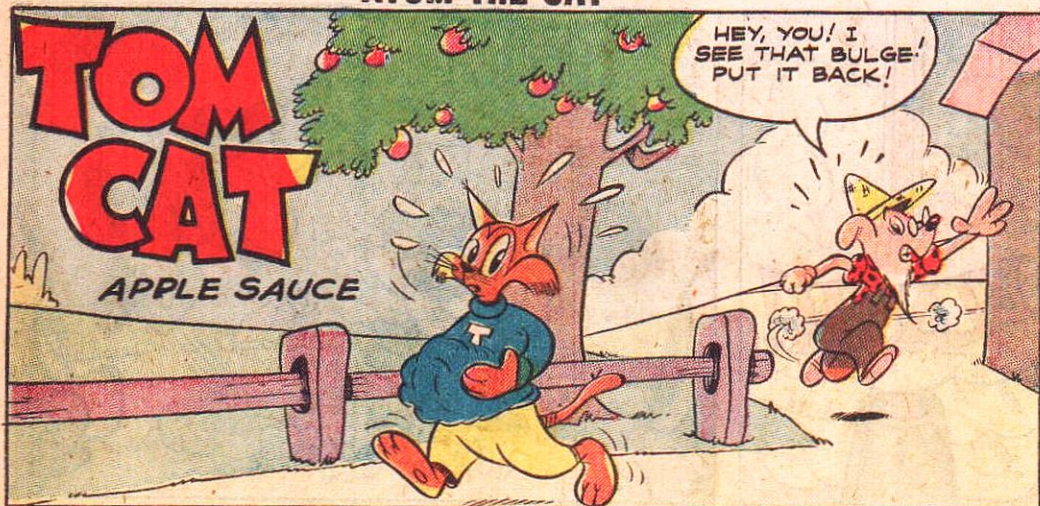
End



# ATOM THE CAT

## TOM CAT

APPLE SAUCE



-END-



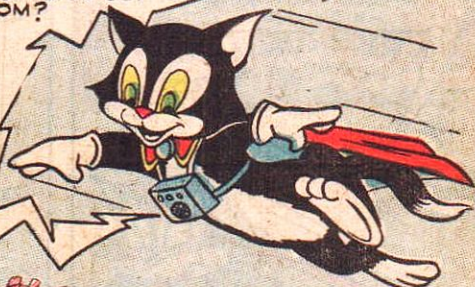
# ATOM THE CAT

# ATOM THE CAT

in  
THE LUCKY LEGION

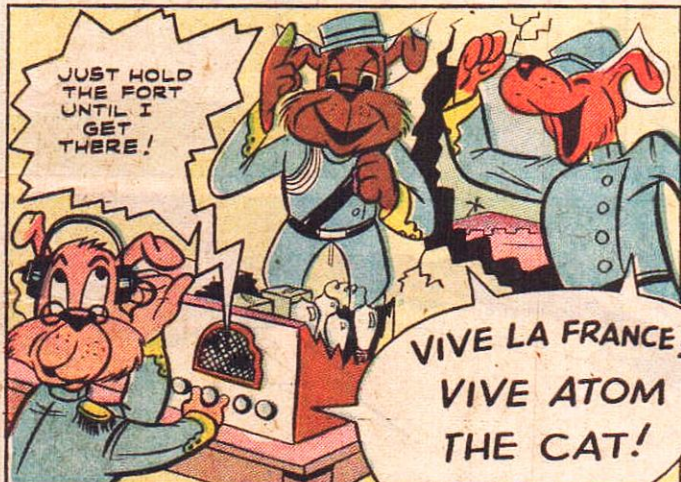
FRENCH FOREIGN  
LEGION CALLING  
ATOM THE CAT! ONE  
OF OUR FORTS IS  
SURROUNDED BY  
HOSTILE ARABS! ONLY  
YOU CAN SAVE US!  
DO YOU HEAR US,  
ATOM?

I NOT ONLY  
HEAR YOU,  
I'M ALREADY  
ON MY  
WAY...!



3634

JUST HOLD  
THE FORT  
UNTIL I  
GET  
THERE!



VIVE LA FRANCE!  
VIVE ATOM  
THE CAT!

THE  
LEGION  
IS MOST  
LUCKY!  
IT WILL BE A  
MERE MOMENT  
BEFORE ATOM  
ARRIVES TO  
RESCUE  
US!



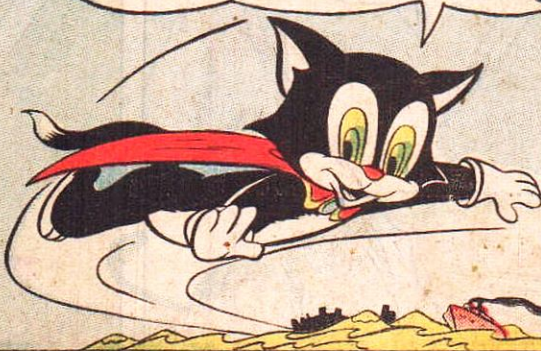
COULD IT BE THAT THE  
LEGIONNAIRES ARE  
SPEAKING TOO SOON??

COULD IT BE THAT THEY  
ARE NOT AS LUCKY AS  
THEY THINK??



COULD IT BE THAT IT WILL TAKE MUCH LONGER THAN  
A "MERE MOMENT" FOR ATOM THE CAT TO COME TO  
THEIR RESCUE??

♪ HEIGH-HO! HEIGH-HO! ♪  
♪ TO AFRICA I FLY... ♪



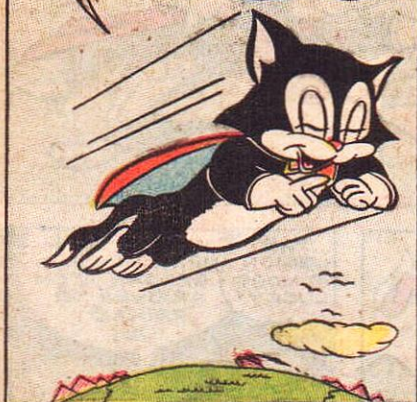


# ATOM THE CAT

DO YOU SEE THAT STORM CLOUD?  
DO YOU HEAR THAT THUNDER?  
WELL, ATOM IS SO BUSY FLYING  
AND SINGING, HE DOESN'T...

WITH A BIFF-BIFF-BANG AND  
A SOCKO STRONG, I'LL BOUNCE  
THOSE ARABS BACK  
WHERE THEY BELONG  
HEIGH-HO...

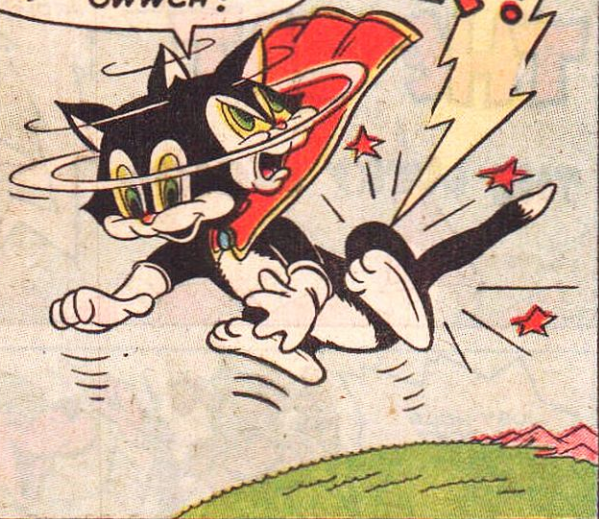
**RRRRUMMBLE!**



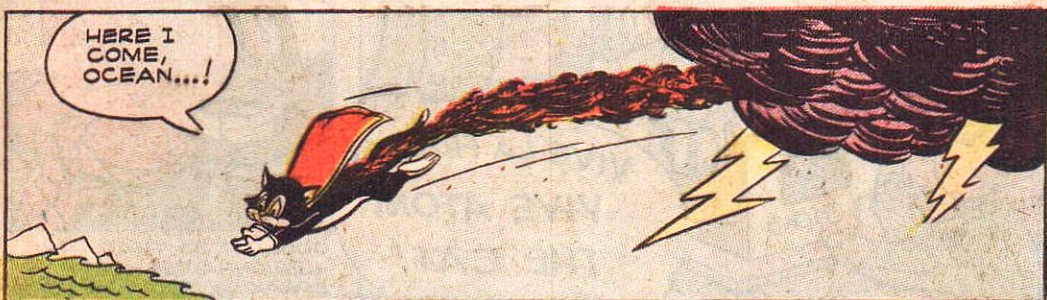
UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

HEIGH-HO! TO...

**KRAKKK!**  
OWWCH!



HERE I  
COME,  
OCEAN...!



AND NOW ATOM IS SO BUSY DIVING,  
HE DOESN'T SEE THAT ICEBERG...!

I HAVE  
A FIRE  
TO  
PUT OUT!



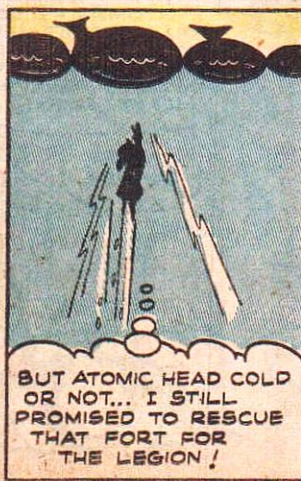
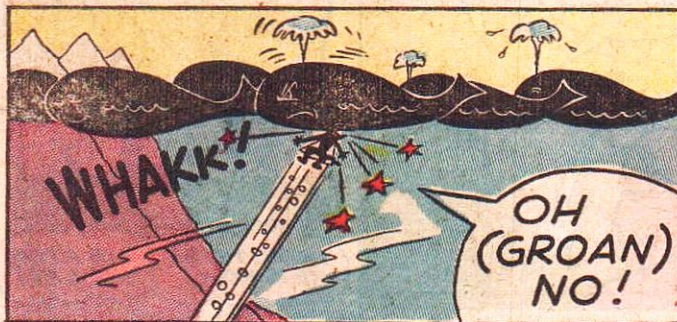
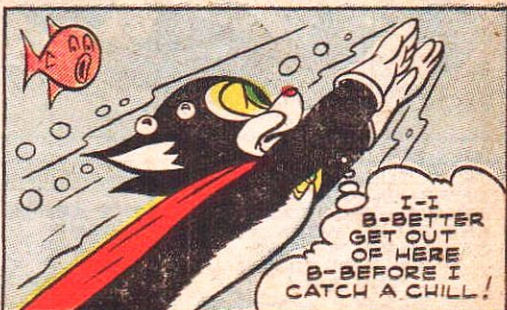
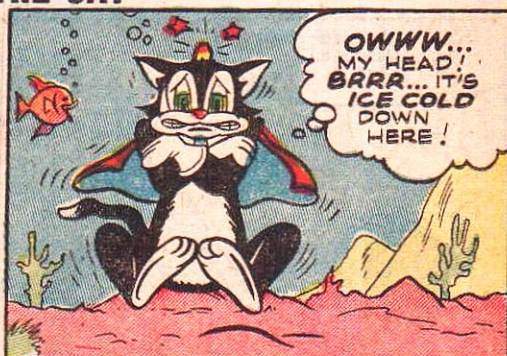
UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!

**WHAKKK!**



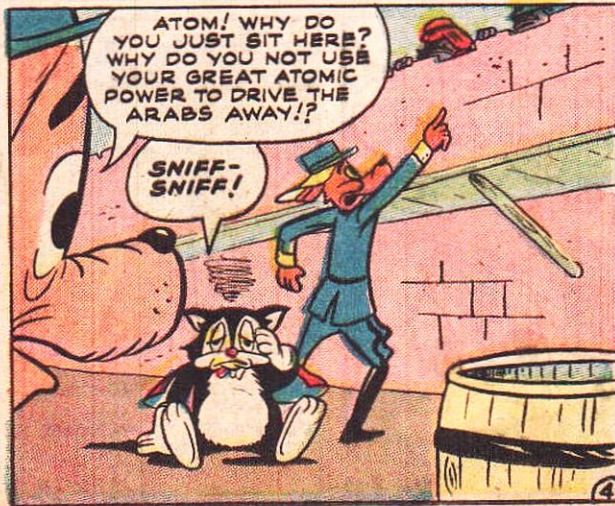
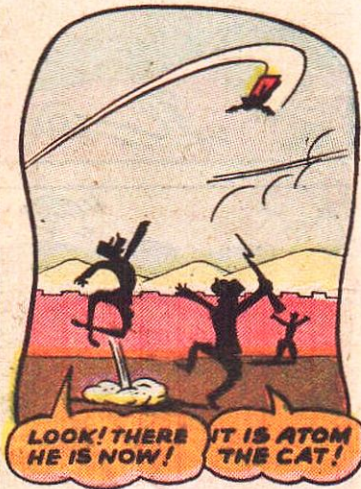
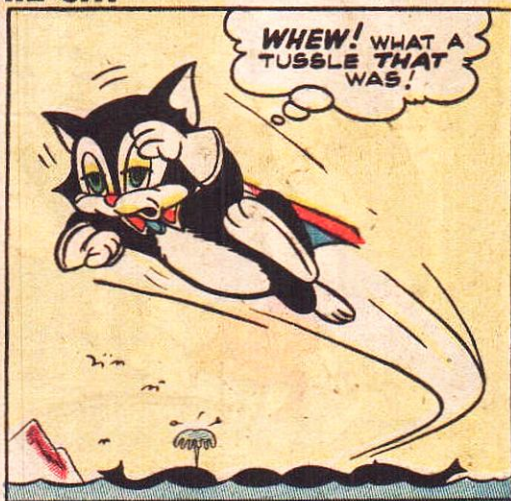
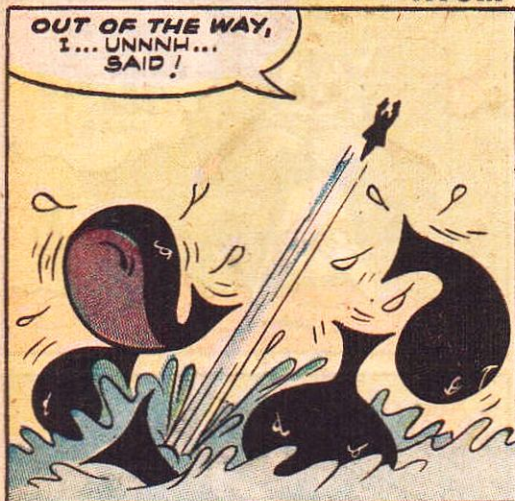


# ATOM THE CAT



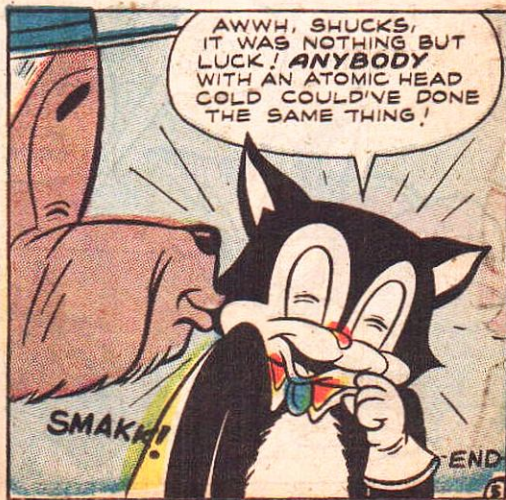
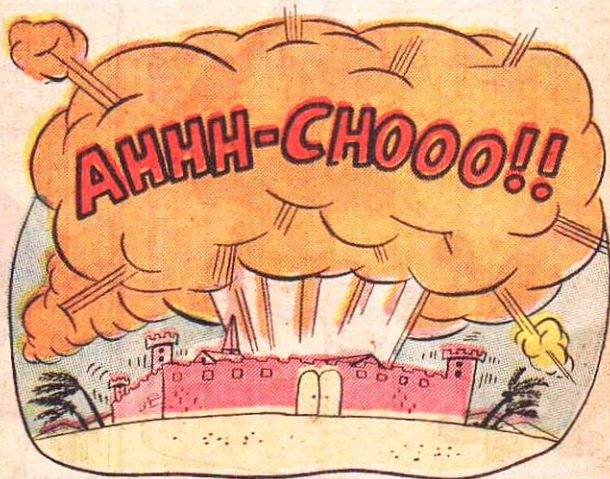
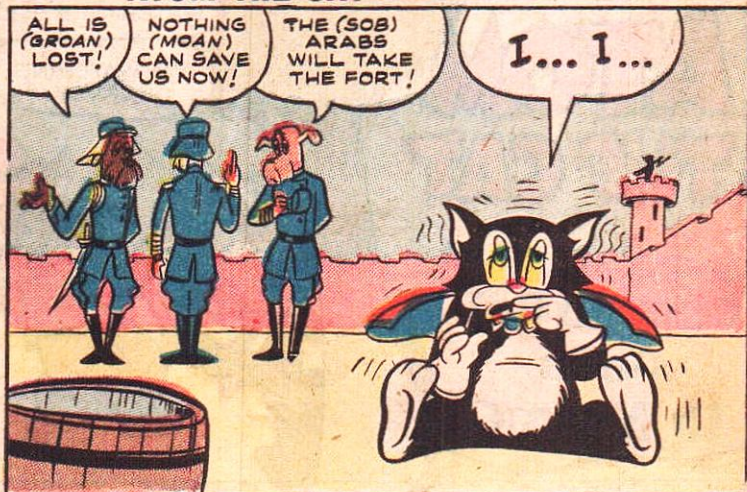


# ATOM THE CAT





## ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT

## ATOM THE CAT

in

### CUCKOO CAT GOES HUNTING

3603

WATCH THIS SHOT, ATOM!

I'M WATCHING, CUCKOO!

BLAMM!

WELL, WHAT'RE YA WAITIN' FOR? GET MOVIN'!

AHHH... I CAN SEE IT NOW! I CAN SEE JUST WHAT HE'LL BE CARRYIN' WHEN HE COMES BACK!

CAN YOU?

NATCH! THE CATCH!

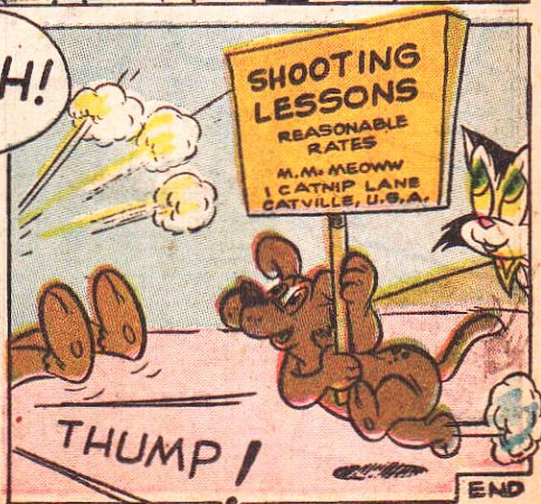
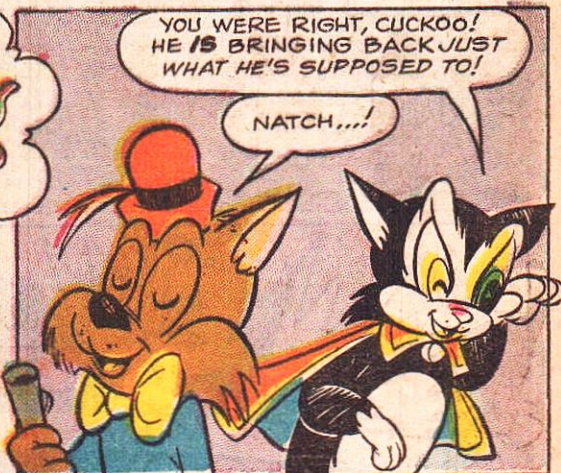
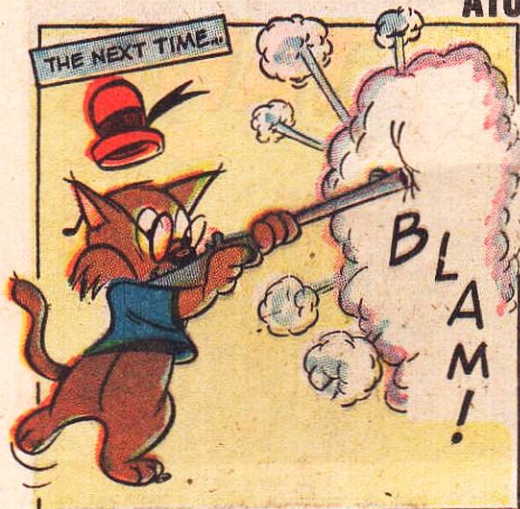
WELL, HERE HE COMES, SO TAKE A GOOD LOOK!

...AND MAYBE NEXT TIME YOU'LL BE ABLE TO SEE EVEN BETTER!

HMPF!



# ATOM THE CAT





# A REAL MOBILE TANK

Over 6 Ft. Long



ONLY

**\$4.98**



## FEATURES

- Intercom System
- Revolving turret
- Elevating 75MM cannon
- Co-axial machine gun
- Range-finder sight for pin-pointing targets
- Real periscope permits you to see the enemy without exposing yourself
- 2 way radio controls
- Whip antenna and flag

**Large Enough for Two Kids  
But Can Be Handled By One**

## 10 Day Free Trial

Order this sensational "General Patton" Tank on 10 day free trial. If you are not 100% delighted then your purchase price will be refunded.

## MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp Dept. C1-39,  
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my "General Patton" Tank at once. If I am not 100% delighted, I may return after 10 day free trial for prompt refund of full purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$4.98 plus 63c shipping charge.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charge.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

It's Mobile - Pilot gets INSIDE - Guns Swivel - Turret Turns  
Imagine your thrill when you get inside this authentic replica of the mighty "General Patton" tank and power forward to adventure. This six foot hunk of equipment is so realistic with its mighty cannon, swiveling machine gun, simulated treads and other authentic tank features that it's bound to bring squeals of delight from any young warrior. And, when you and a pal get right down into the fully equipped control room and close the cockpit cover - you can bet you're using your mobile power to devastate every imaginary enemy in your path. Sturdily constructed for long periods of fun, it's bound to bring more thrills and adventure than you've ever known from a toy. So don't delay! Act now. Only \$4.98. Because of its gigantic size, we are forced to ask for an additional 63c shipping charges.

## DEVELOP MUSCLES OF STEEL!

**START BUILDING A SUPER  
BODY IN JUST 10 DAYS**

only **\$1.00**

**Earn the respect of all you meet**

"Power Gym" will develop your chest, biceps, triceps, neck, back, shoulder, stomach and legs. In just 10 short days you'll start showing the results that will earn you the respect of all your friends - the admiration of all the girls. You'll develop a powerful, masculine physique that will keep you fit, healthy and in top shape always. So don't delay! Start now on your way to a body of steel!

## Money Back Guarantee

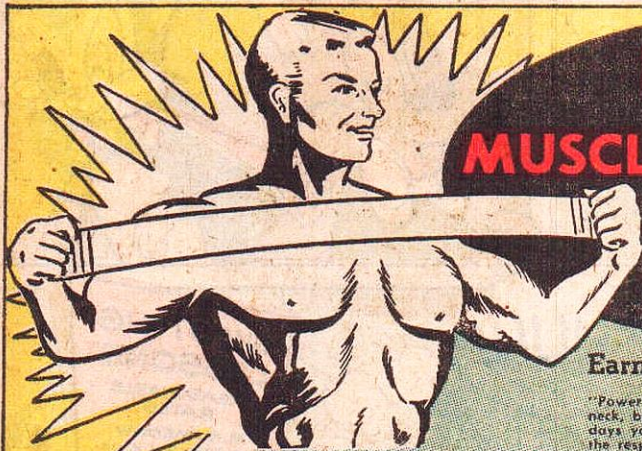
Honor House Products Corp. Dept. MD-25  
Lynbrook, New York

Rush my "Power Gym" Muscle Builder at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 day free trial for full refund of purchase price.

- ☐ I enclose \$1 plus 25c shipping charges.  
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## YOU'LL FEAR NO ONE

Imagine how proud you'll be when your muscles begin to bulge and your body begins to take on the powerful, rock-hard appearance of a "Mr. America". You'll fear no one because you're confident of your might! And, wherever you go you'll enjoy the envious glances of other guys, and the open admiration of all the girls who'll just love to feel your muscles. "Power Gym" is compactly made of elastic rubber. Only \$1 plus 25c shipping charges.

## 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

Order now! If you aren't 100% satisfied with the improvement shown in just 10 days return to us for full refund of purchase price.

## Features

- Develops a muscular frame
- Keeps you trim and healthy
- Fear no one
- Be envied and admired
- Made of elasticized rubber



# GIANT TOY COLLECTION



## 500 TOYS

All For Only

**\$1.00**  
Postpaid

### Hours and Hours of FUN!

Here's everything a boy and girl ever dreamed of—Tractors, Cars, Trucks, Space Ships, Circus Animals, Farm Animals, Railroad Engines and Cars, Soldiers, Cowboys and Indians, Tanks, Bazookas, Cruisers, Tanks, Artillery, Farm Equipment, Heavy Road Equipment, Jets, Bombers, Rockets, etc.

### NOT AVAILABLE IN STORES

True, TWO DIMENSIONAL reproductions of expensive toys. Each to stand up on its own base. Up to 1½" high and 2¾" long. Limit — 5 sets to a customer.

**MONEY BACK GUARANTEE**

**LIMIT -- 5 Sets To A Customer**

**BREA TOY MFG., Dept. 8201, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N.Y.**

**BREA TOY MFG., Dept. 8201, 114 E. 32 St., New York 16, N. Y.**

Dear Sirs: Please rush me.....sets of **GIANT TOY COLLECTION**

At \$1.00 per set. I enclose \$..... ☐ Check ☐ Cash

(Sorry no C.O.D.'s)

☐ Money Order

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....



# BARNYARD FROLIC

Most of the people who lived in Havenville were farmers, and this meant that, at sunset, most of the people were ready for sleep. Farmer Jones and his wife, Matilda, were no exceptions. Both had put in a long hard day.

"That sure was a good supper, Mattie," said Farmer Jones to his wife.

Matilda smiled, for she knew that when her husband called her this pet name, the supper must have been especially good. "I'm glad you liked it dear," she replied.

"I sure am tired," said Farmer Jones as he yawned. "I'll help you with those dishes and then we can get some sleep. I checked the barn, the chicken coop and the pig sty before I came in for dinner and everything's o. k.; all the animals are asleep, too."

"Good," answered Matilda, as she went about the business of removing the empty plates from the table.

The dishes were soon done, and shortly after that, Farmer Jones and Mrs. Jones were fast asleep in their big comfortable feather-bed.

Meanwhile, in the barn, Dippy Duck and Red Rooster were standing on the cider keg looking out the little barn window. "There goes their light," said Dippy to Red.

"Finally! Now we can get started," answered Red Rooster.

Dippy Duck said happily, "Let's tell the others that we can start anytime now."

"O. K.," said Red Rooster. "I'll go over to the chicken house and the pig sty while you tell the horses, the other ducks, and the cows."

The two friends started happily on their way to tell their friends their good news. Oh, you would like to know the good news, too? O. K. You see, the animals on the Farmer Jones' farm were having their annual Country Barn Dance. They had been planning it for weeks and this year had a fiddler, a piano player and a real square dance caller. They planned to use the big barn for their dance, and tonight was the night!

Slowly and quietly, from all corners of the farm, animals of all sizes and shapes were beginning to creep from their sleeping places, moving ever so quietly towards the barn.

The barn was beginning to fill up with happy animals. They chattered and laughed as they awaited the band's arrival.

Red Rooster and Dippy Duck, after notifying their friends, were also on their way back to

the barn. "Hey, will you listen to the racket those guys are making," quacked Dippy.

"We better speed up and tell them to pipe down," said Red. "We don't want to wake up Farmer Jones and his wife before we even start our dance."

The two friends hurried on their way to the barn, and when they got there, quickly quieted the crowd.

Soon after their arrival, Ezekiel Bull, the caller, Hobie Horse, the piano player, and Ron Rabbit, the fiddler, made their entrance amidst loud cheering. The dance was about to begin.

The animals quickly helped Hobie push out the old piano, while the other members of the band set themselves up.

Soon the animals had made their square sets; the instruments were tuning up, and everything was about ready.

Ezekiel called out to Hobie and Ron, "Are you ready?" Then he looked out over the crowded dance floor at the animals and shouted, "Sets in order! Let 'er flicker!"

Then the animals gaily started to dance to the calls of Ezekiel Bull, often getting mixed up, but not minding that too much as they were having so much fun. After three very energetic dances, which left most of the animals panting, the little pig waitress served refreshments of cider and donuts. The animals were glad of this little rest between dances.

Soon intermission was over and the fast, happy dances began again.

Meanwhile, back in the farm house, Farmer Jones felt himself being awakened by something. He stirred in his sleep, sat up, rubbed his eyes and looked around. Matilda, his wife, had not moved and was still sleeping soundly, snoring gently. "Hum," said Farmer Jones, "it must be my imagination. Guess I was dreaming."

With that, he turned over and fell back to sleep in a twinkling. But not for long; this time, the something that awakened him was his wife. Matilda was shaking him and whispering "Wake up, Paw, wake up, I hear something funny."

"What's the matter, Mattie? What do you hear?" asked Farmer Jones, as he yawned a big yawn.

"I don't know what it is, but it sounds like some kind of strange music," said Matilda Jones.





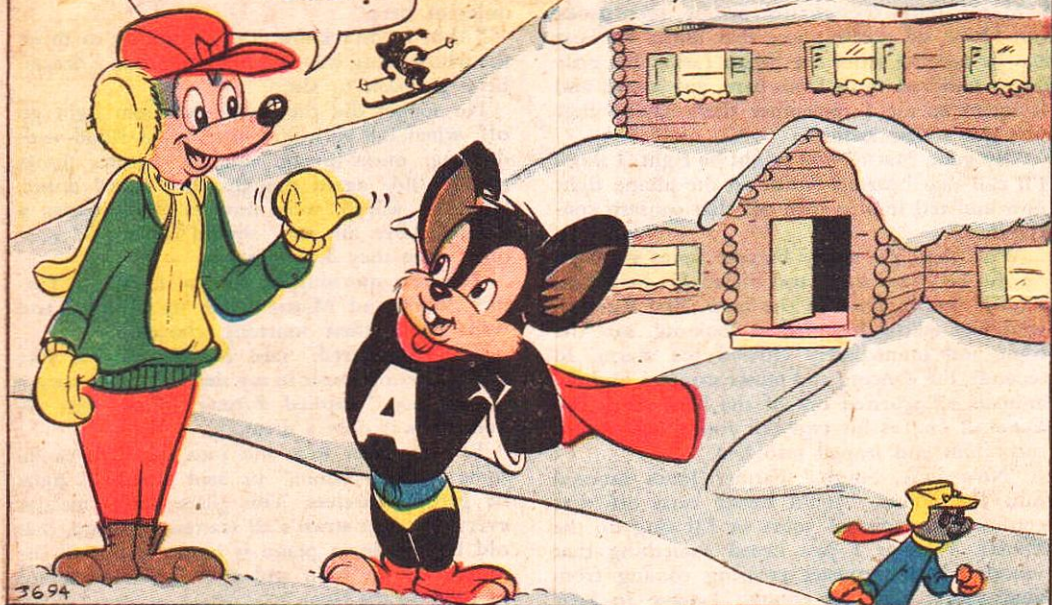


# Atomic IN VACATION MOUSE



... SO IF YOU WOULD STAY  
AT MY LODGE FOR A FEW DAYS,  
I COULD ADVERTISE THAT YOU  
WERE HERE AND BUSINESS  
WOULD BE SURE TO  
PICK UP!

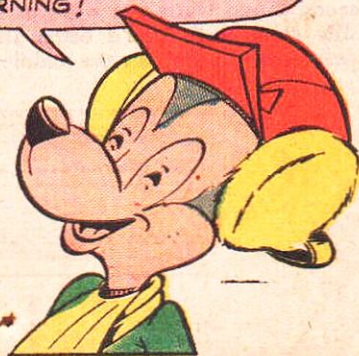
ALRIGHT! IF YOU  
THINK IT WILL  
HELP BUSINESS,  
MR. KANSKI, I'LL  
STAY!



ANYWAY, YOU NEED A  
VACATION! YOU'VE BEEN  
WORKING MONTHS  
WITHOUT  
LETUP!

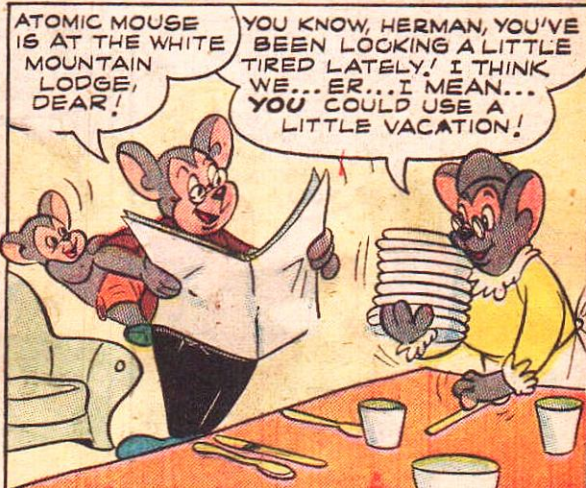
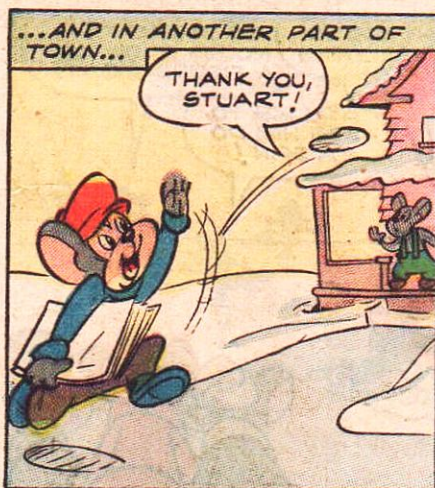
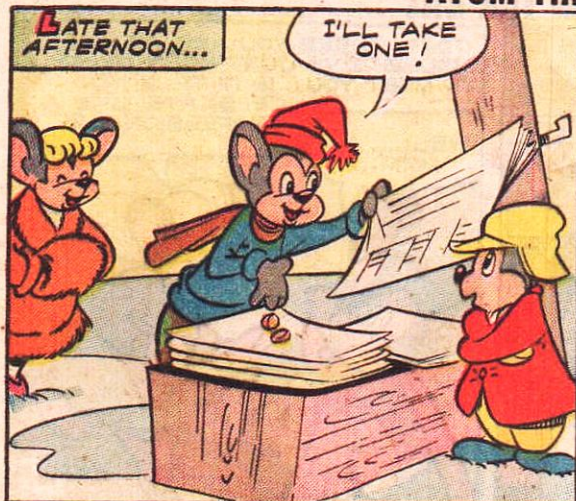
MAYBE YOUR  
RIGHT!

I'LL TELEPHONE THE NEWSPAPER  
RIGHT AWAY AND ANNOUNCE  
THAT YOU'RE A GUEST OF  
MY LODGE! THE PEOPLE  
SHOULD BE SWARMING IN  
HERE TOMORROW  
MORNING!



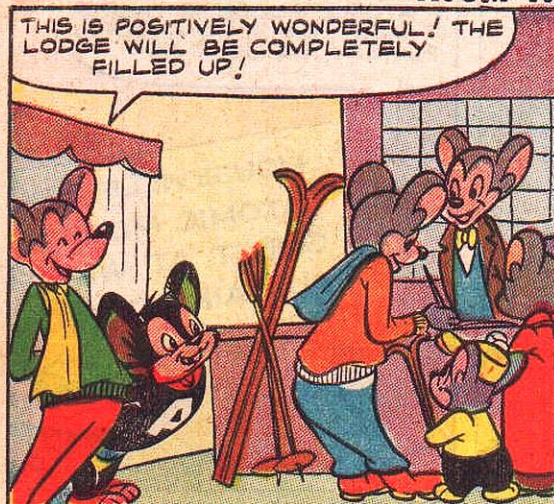


# ATOM THE CAT

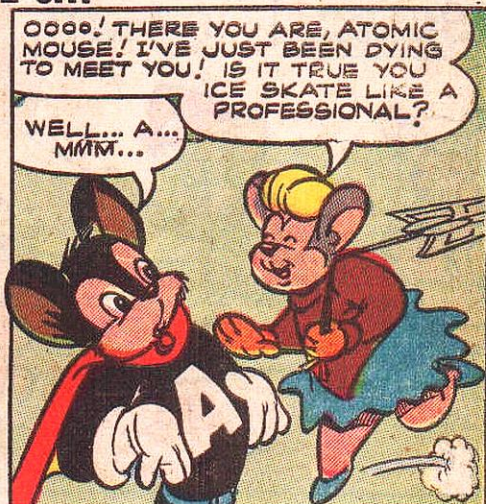




# ATOM THE CAT

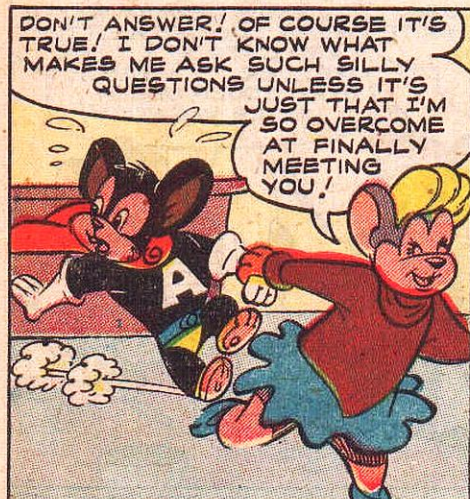


THIS IS POSITIVELY WONDERFUL! THE LODGE WILL BE COMPLETELY FILLED UP!



WELL... A... MMM...

OOOO! THERE YOU ARE, ATOMIC MOUSE! I'VE JUST BEEN DYING TO MEET YOU! IS IT TRUE YOU ICE SKATE LIKE A PROFESSIONAL?



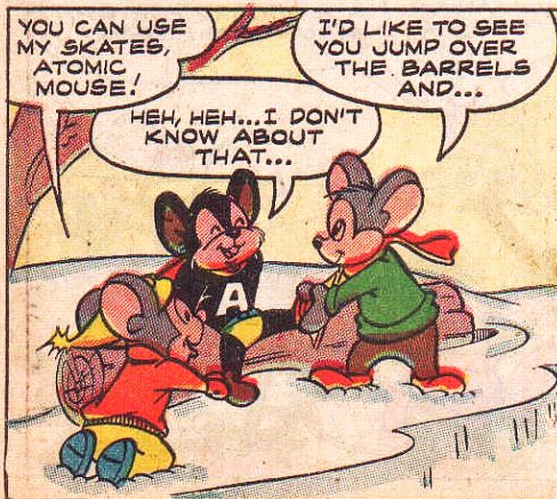
DON'T ANSWER! OF COURSE IT'S TRUE! I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES ME ASK SUCH SILLY QUESTIONS UNLESS IT'S JUST THAT I'M SO OVERCOME AT FINALLY MEETING YOU!



NOW I WANT YOU TO SHOW ME EVERYTHING YOU CAN DO ON SKATES!

GO AHEAD ATOMIC MOUSE SHOW US A FIGURE EIGHT!

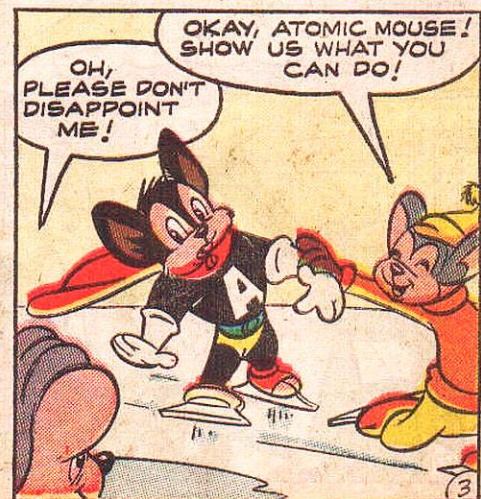
I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM DO A SPIN!



YOU CAN USE MY SKATES, ATOMIC MOUSE!

I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU JUMP OVER THE BARRELS AND...

HEH, HEH... I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT...

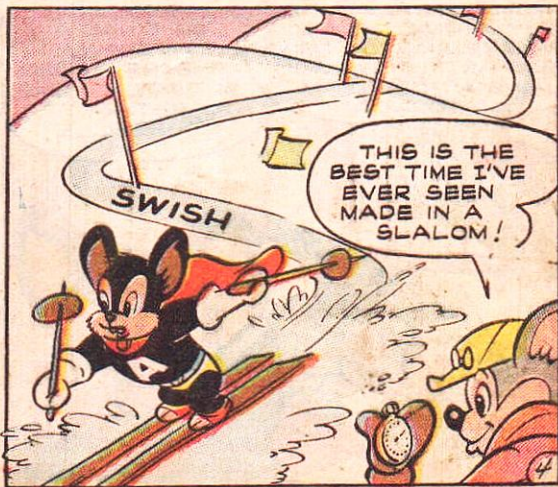
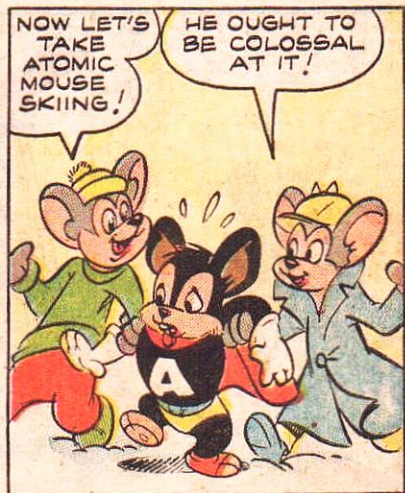
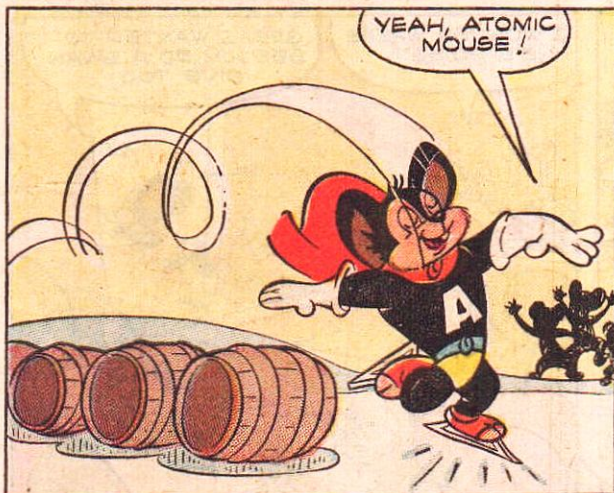
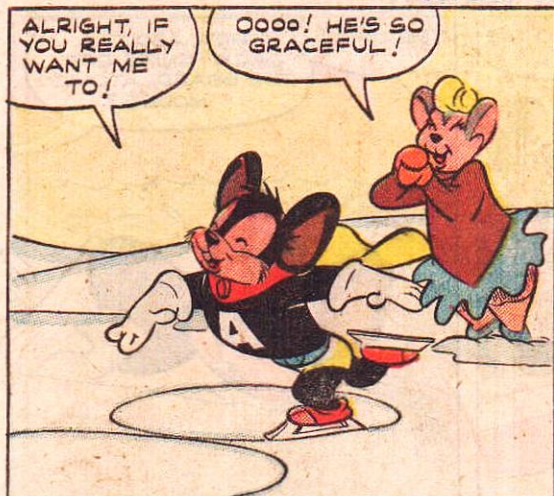


OH, PLEASE DON'T DISAPPOINT ME!

OKAY, ATOMIC MOUSE! SHOW US WHAT YOU CAN DO!



# ATOM THE CAT





# ATOM THE CAT

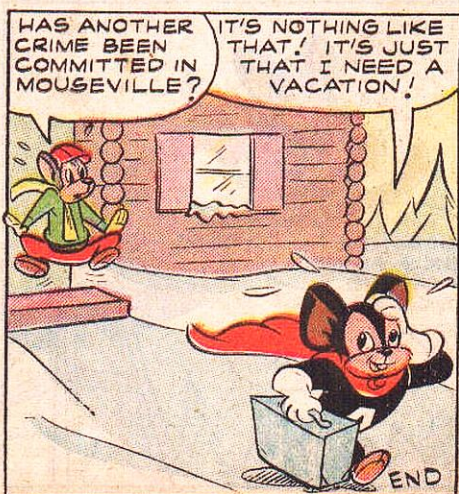
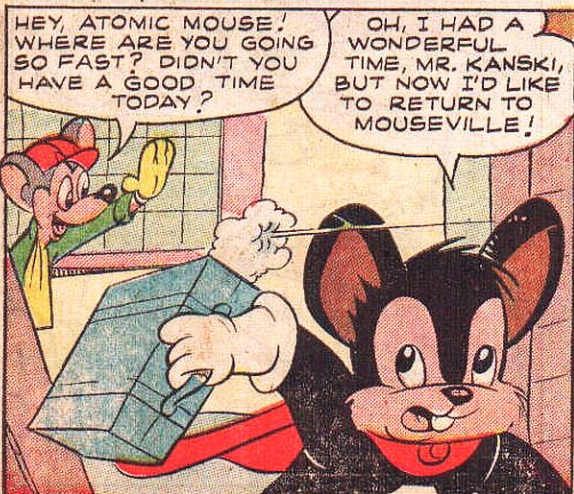
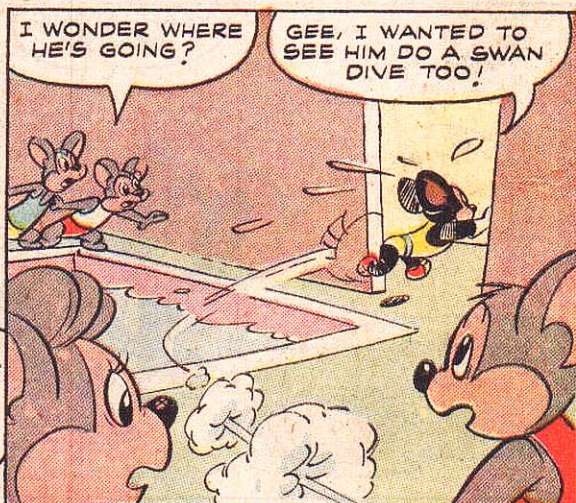
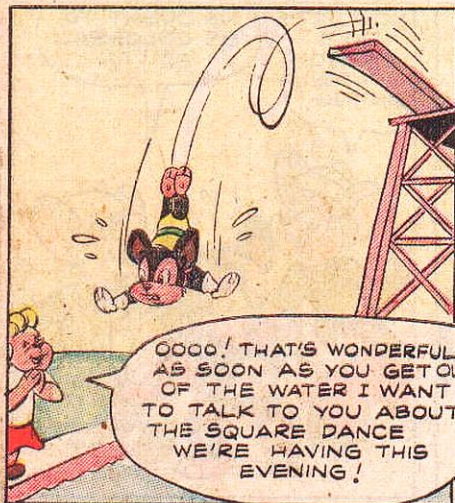
THE SAME AFTERNOON!

LET'S SEE YOU DO THE AUSTRALIAN CRAWL!

BOY, I BET HE COULD DO A BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY STROKE!

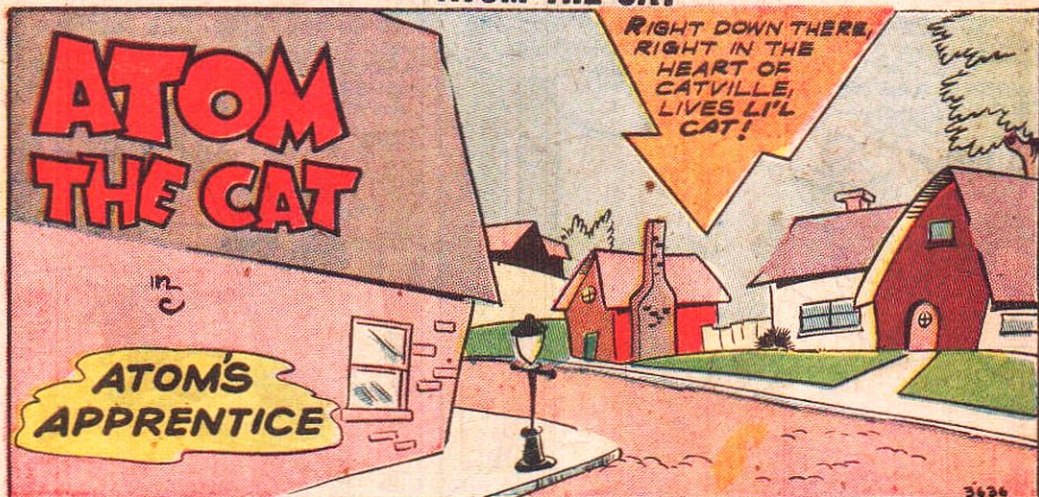
TERRIFIC!

HOW ABOUT A JACK-KNIFE OFF THE BOARD, ATOMIC MOUSE?



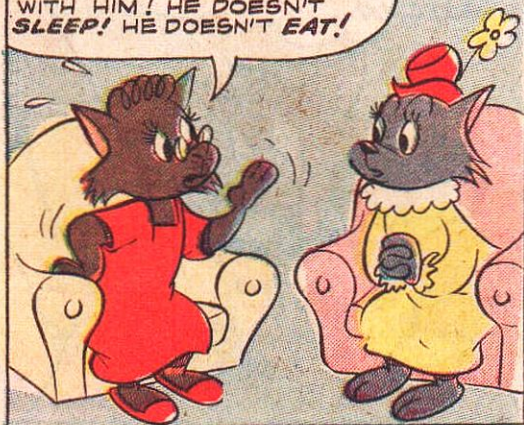


# ATOM THE CAT



DID WE SAY "LIVES"??

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH HIM! HE DOESN'T SLEEP! HE DOESN'T EAT!

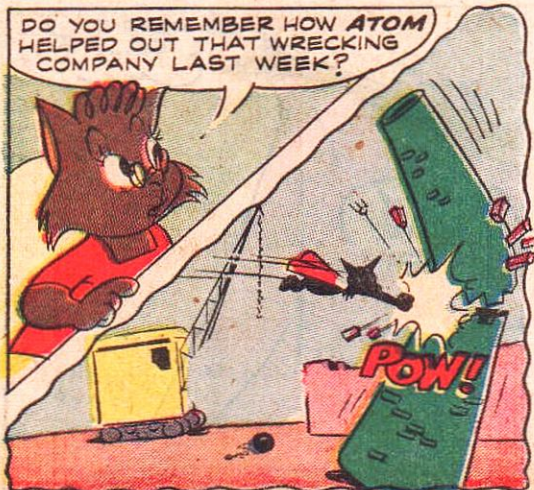


...HE DOESN'T DO ANYTHING BUT (SOB) WISH HE COULD BE EXACTLY LIKE **ATOM THE CAT**!

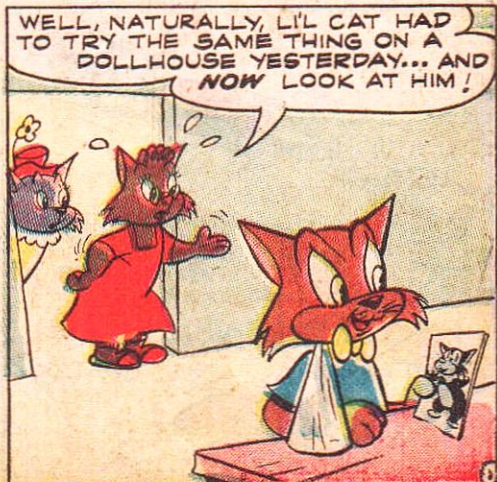
TSK! TSK!



DO YOU REMEMBER HOW **ATOM** HELPED OUT THAT WRECKING COMPANY LAST WEEK?

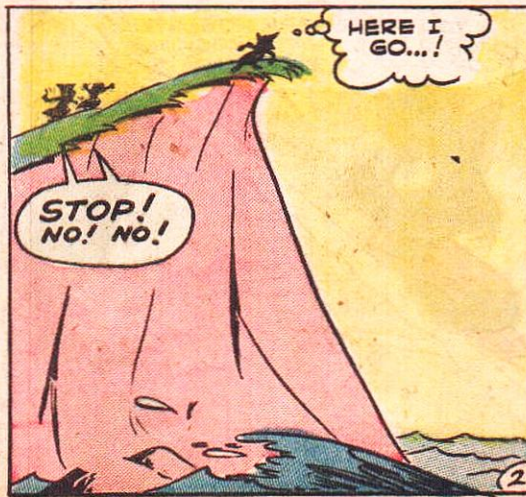
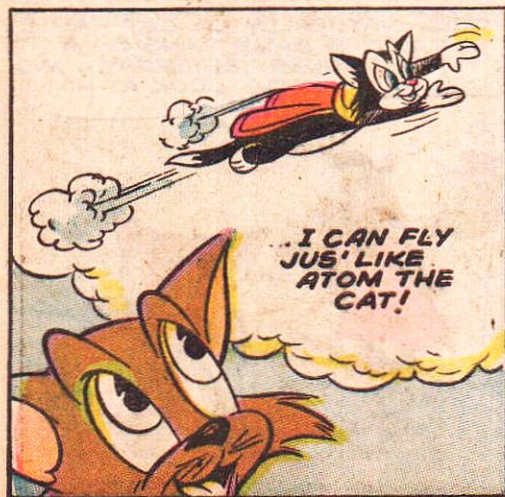
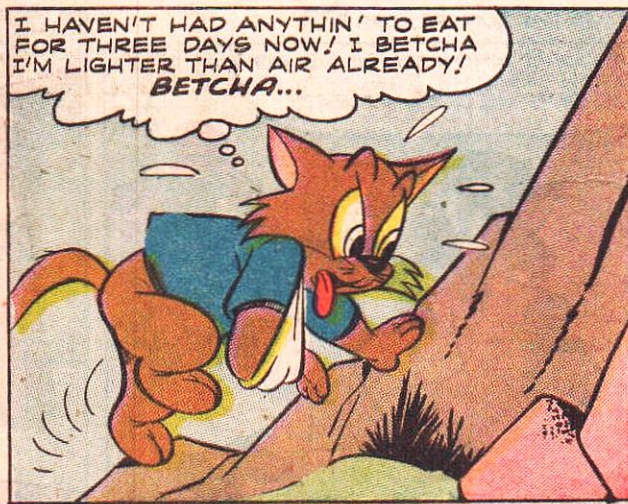
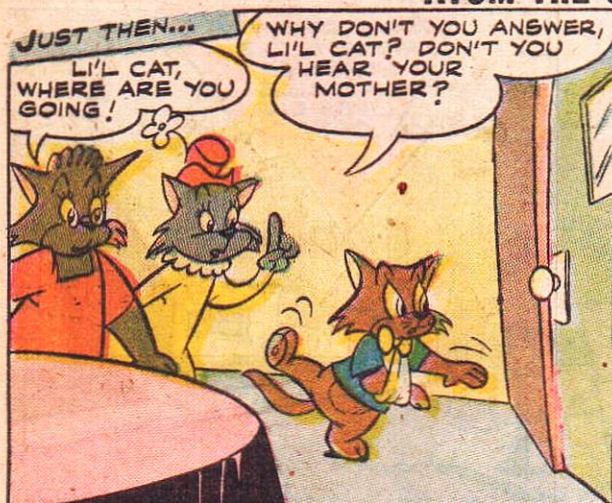


WELL, NATURALLY, LI'L CAT HAD TO TRY THE SAME THING ON A DOLLHOUSE YESTERDAY... AND **NOW** LOOK AT HIM!



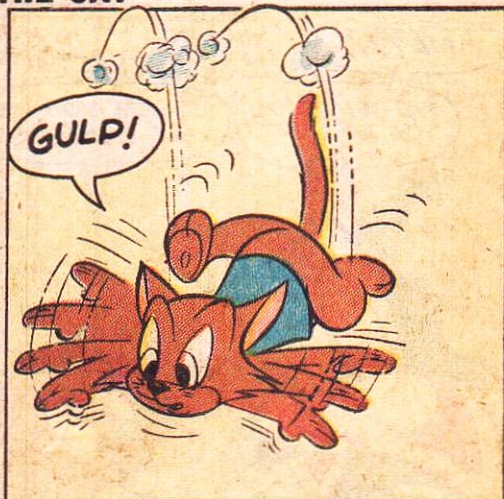
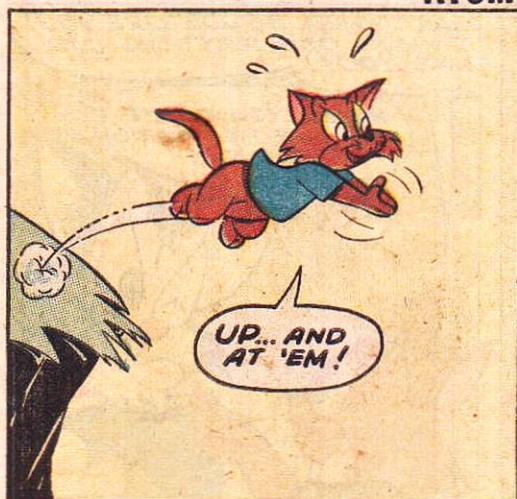


# ATOM THE CAT

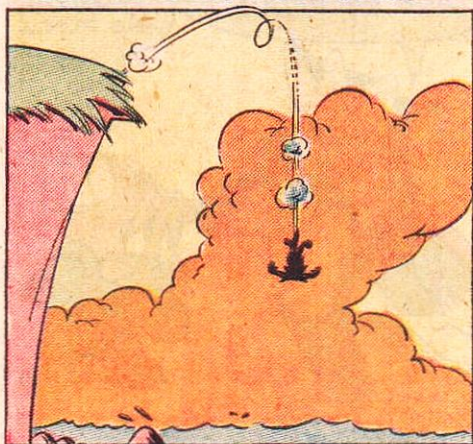




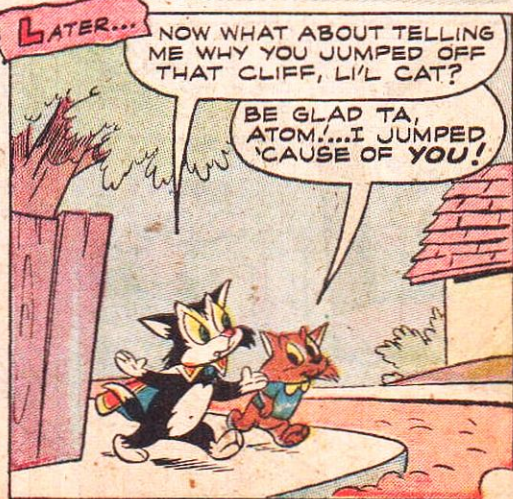
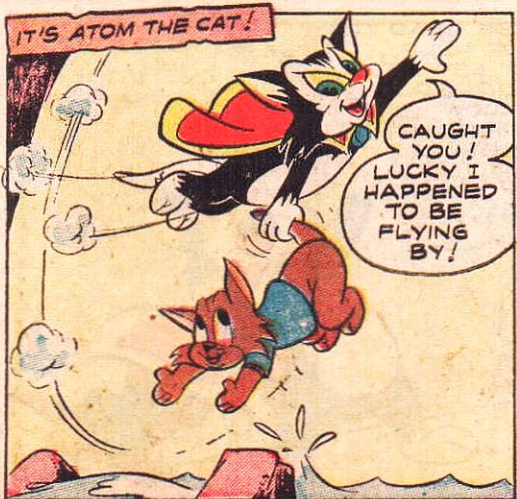
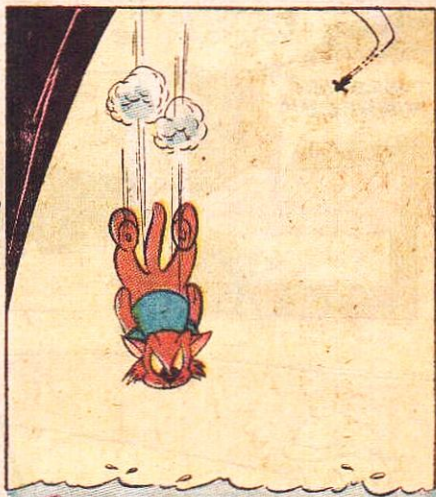
# ATOM THE CAT



POOR LI'L CAT PLUMMETS DOWN LIKE A ROCK! POOR LI'L...

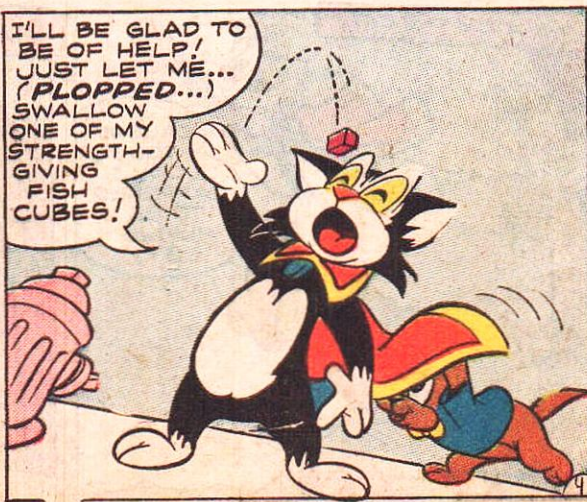
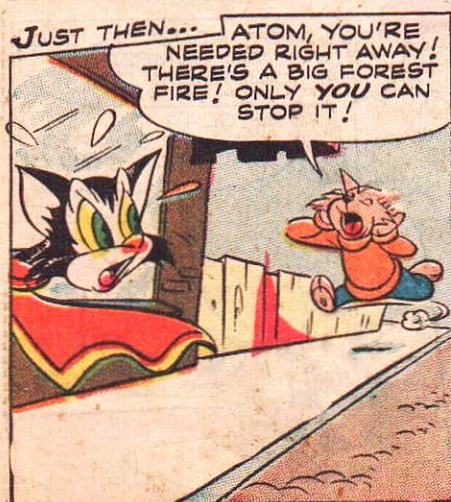
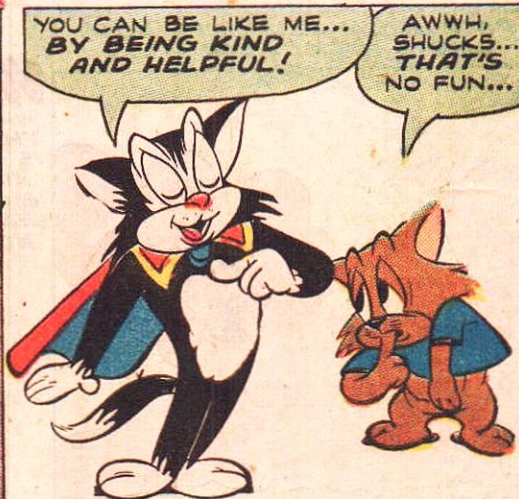


**W**AIT!  
WHAT'S THAT!  
IS IT A KITE?  
IS IT A SEAGULL?  
NO...!



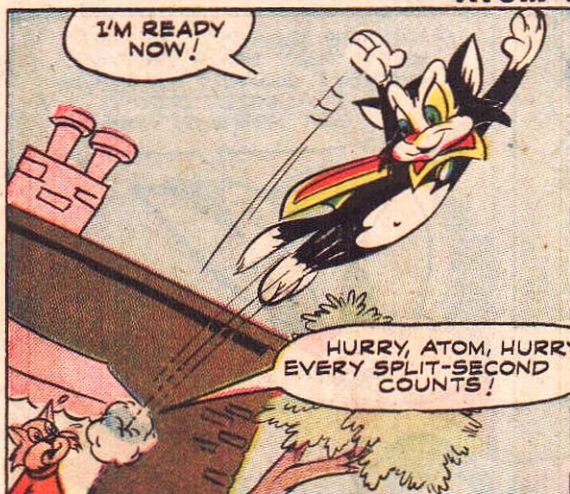


# ATOM THE CAT

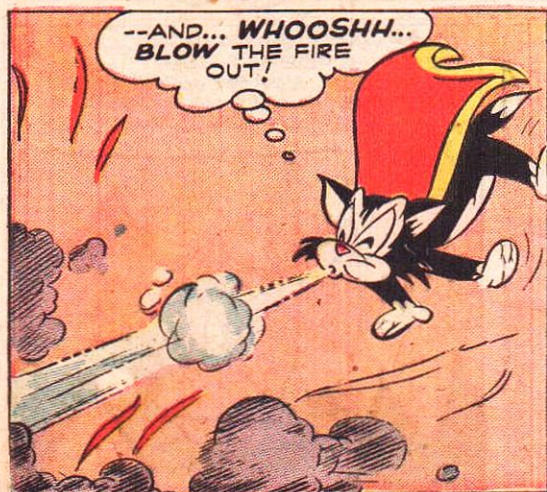
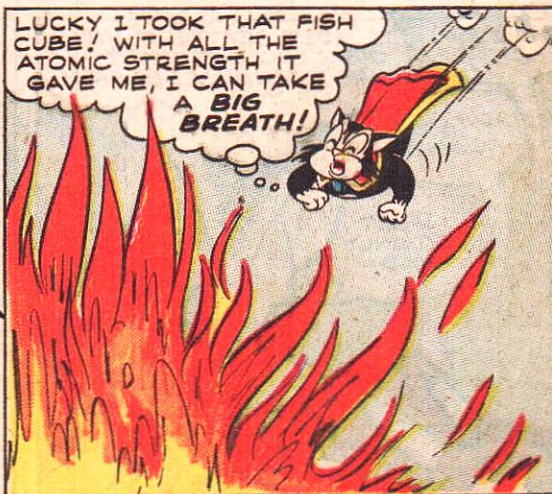
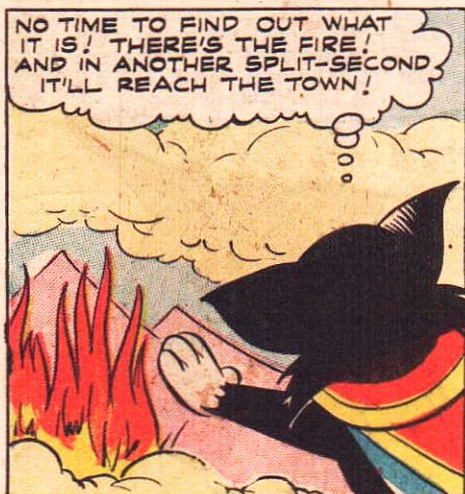
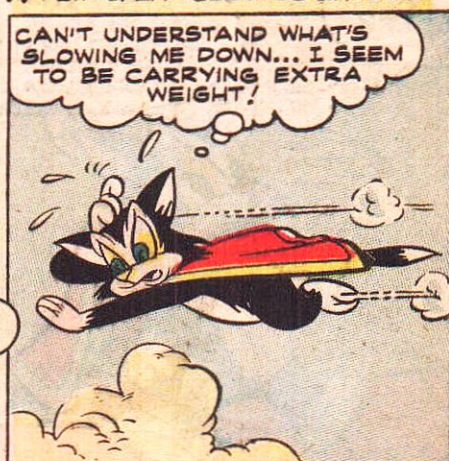




# ATOM THE CAT

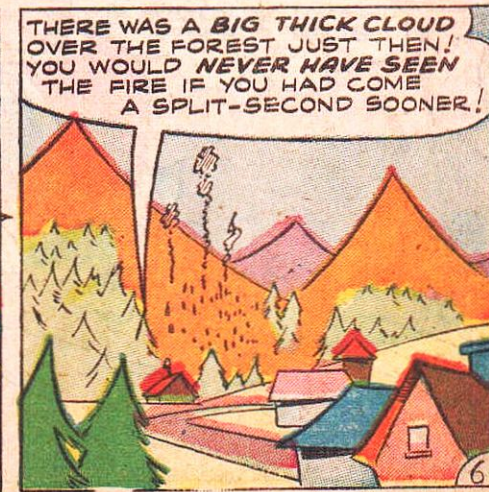
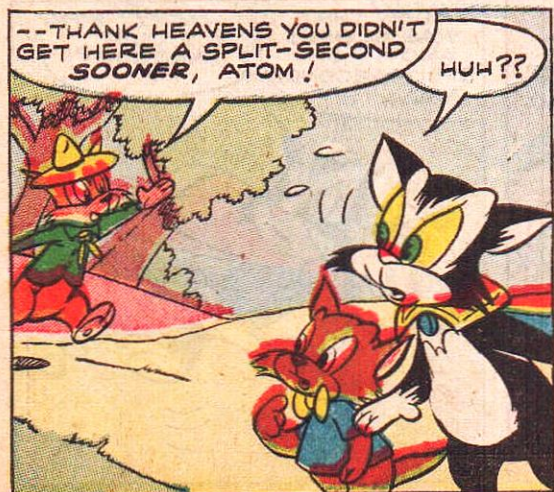
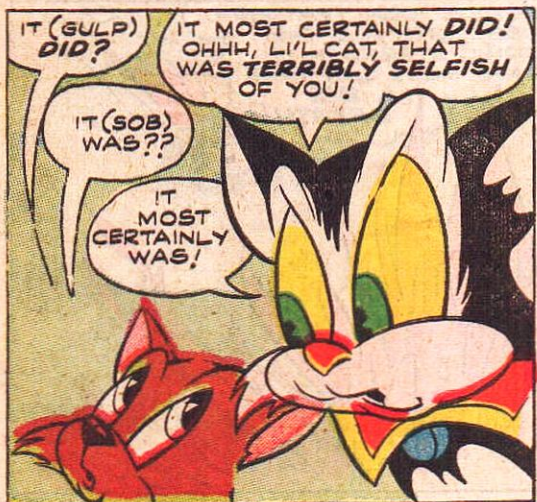
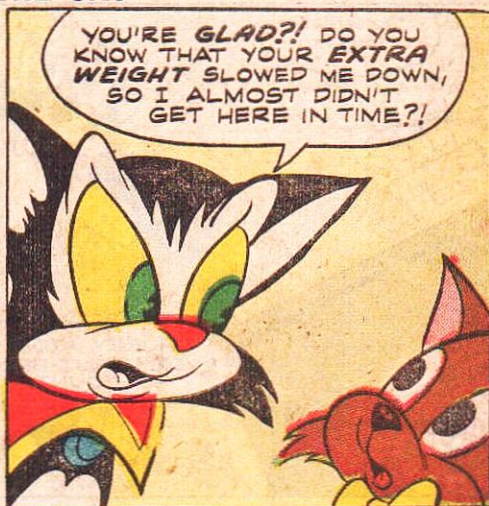
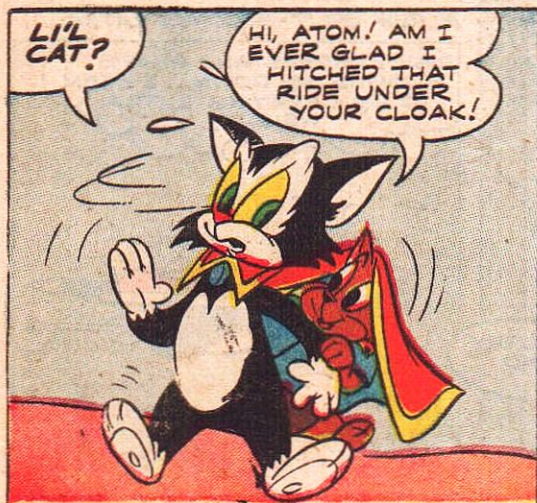


A FEW SPLIT-SECONDS LATER...





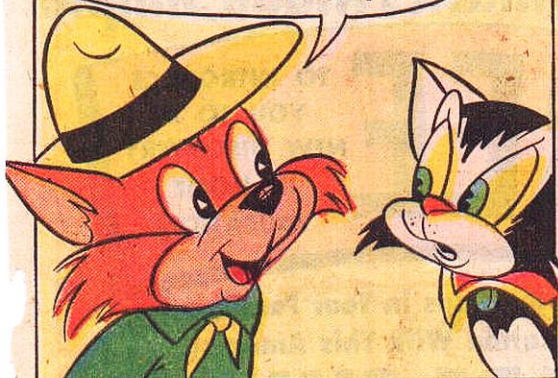
# ATOM THE CAT





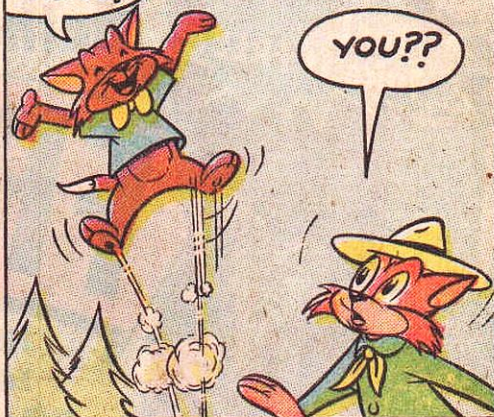
# ATOM THE CAT

YOU WOULD HAVE MISSED IT!  
AND BY THE TIME YOU TURNED  
AROUND AND FLEW BACK, IT  
WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO  
LATE!



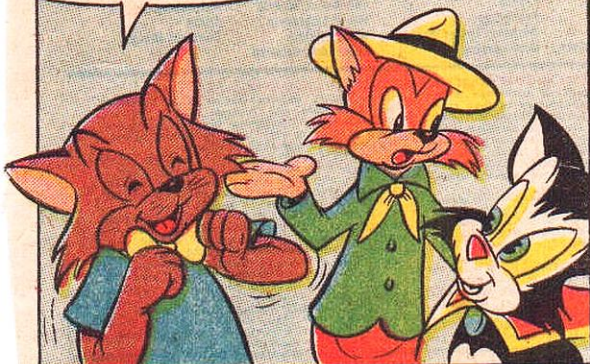
YIPPEE!  
I'M A  
HERO!

YOU??

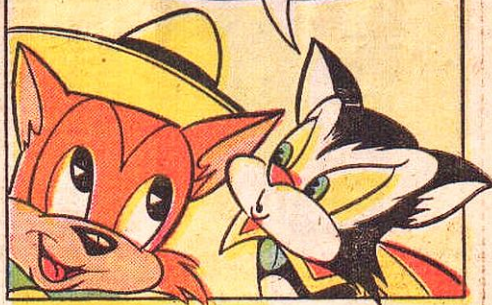


YOP! IT WAS ME WHO  
SLOWED ATOM UP  
SO HE GOT HERE AT  
JUS' THE RIGHT  
TIME!

IS THAT TRUE  
ATOM?



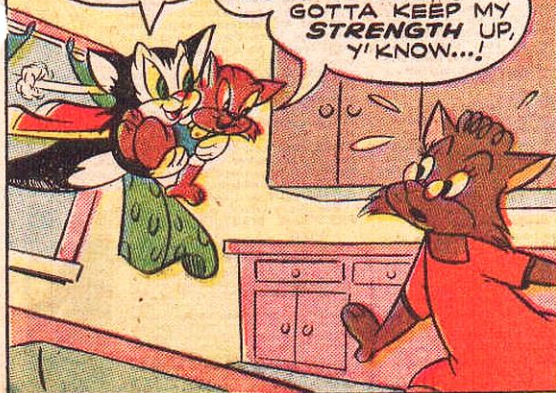
SHHH! IT'S NOT QUITE TRUE...  
I HAVE X-RAY VISION, AND  
I COULD HAVE SEEN RIGHT  
THROUGH THAT CLOUD!  
BUT LET HIM THINK HE'S  
A HERO! THE TRUTH  
WOULD BREAK HIS  
LI'L HEART!



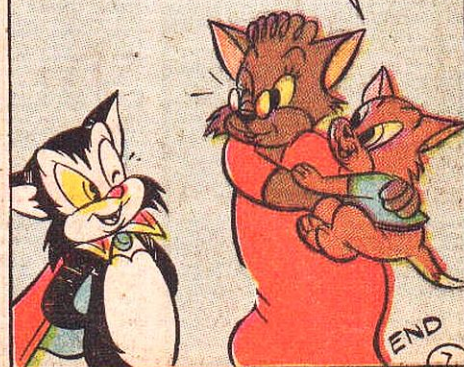
LATER...

HERE'S  
LI'L CAT!

C'N I HAVE SUMPTIN'  
TA EAT, MOM? AN'  
THEN I WANNA GO  
RIGHT TO SLEEP! I  
GOTTA KEEP MY  
STRENGTH UP,  
Y' KNOW...!



-- NOW THAT I'M  
ATOM'S APPRENTICE!



END



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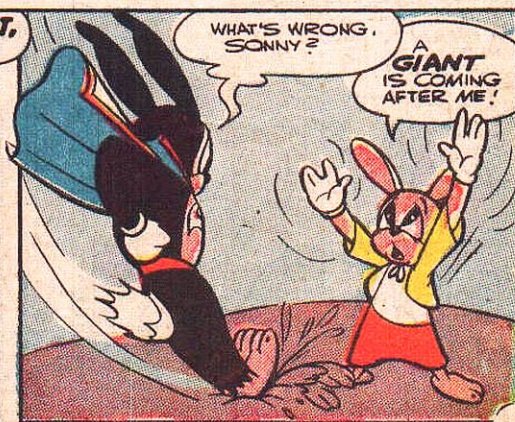
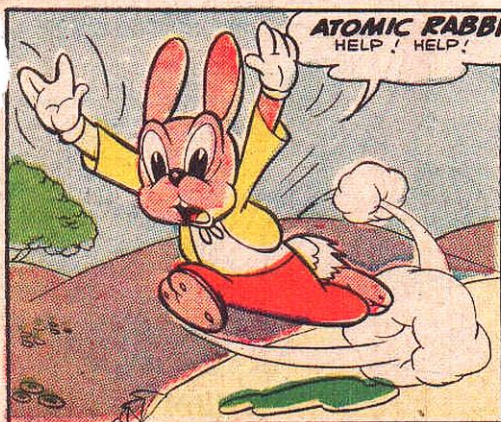
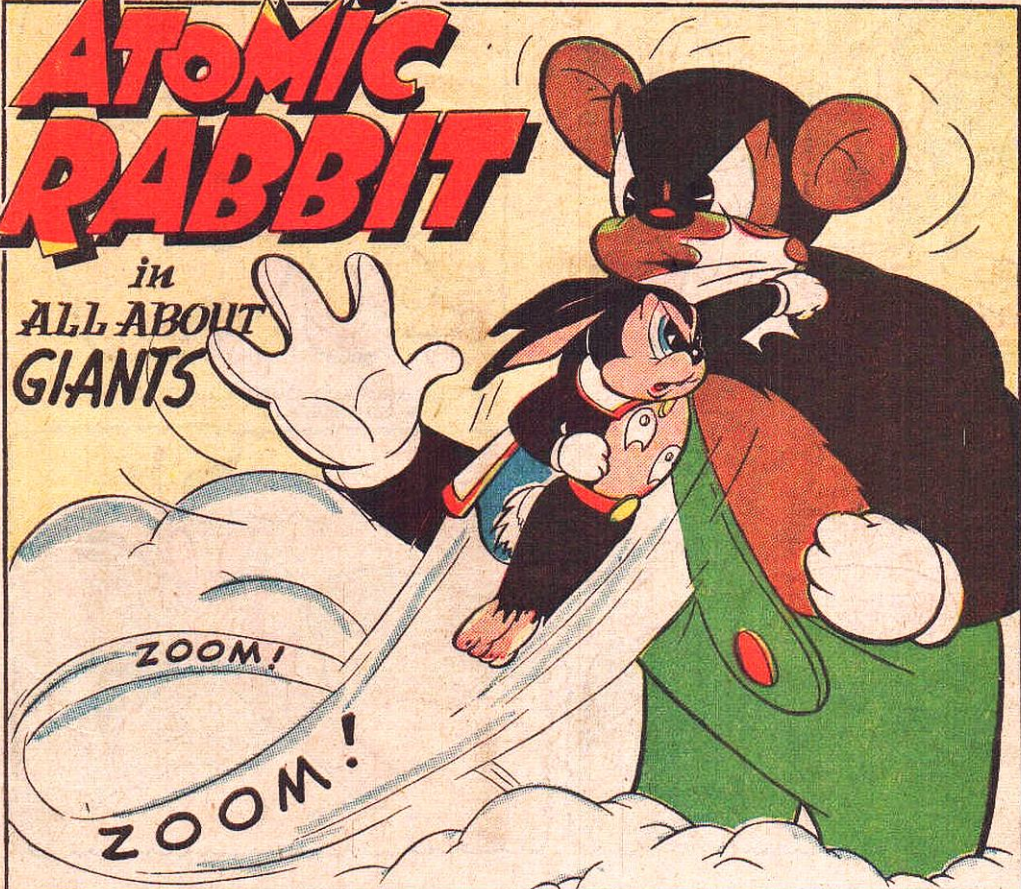
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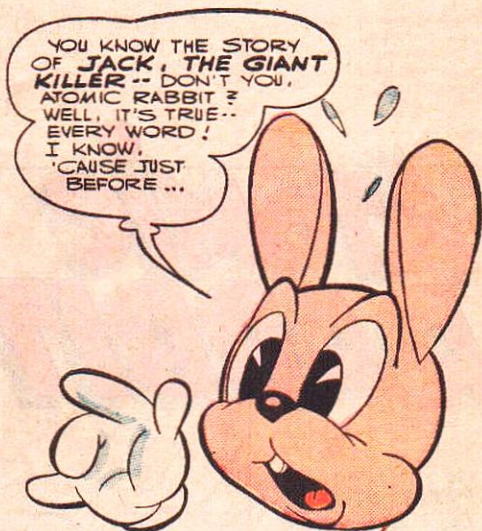
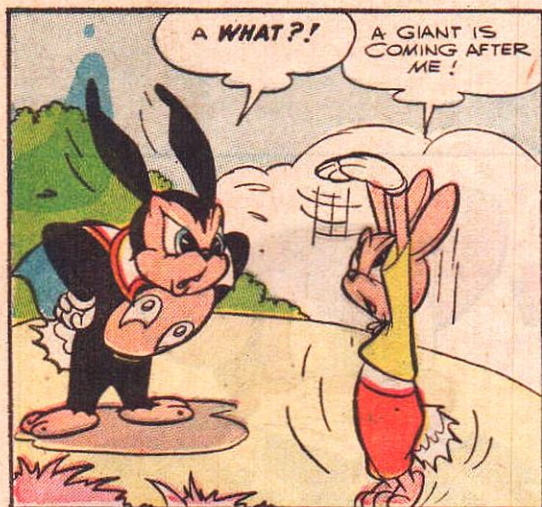


# ATOMIC RABBIT

in  
ALL ABOUT  
GIANTS

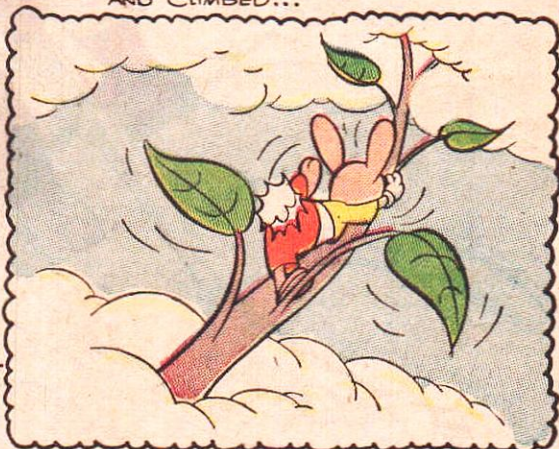
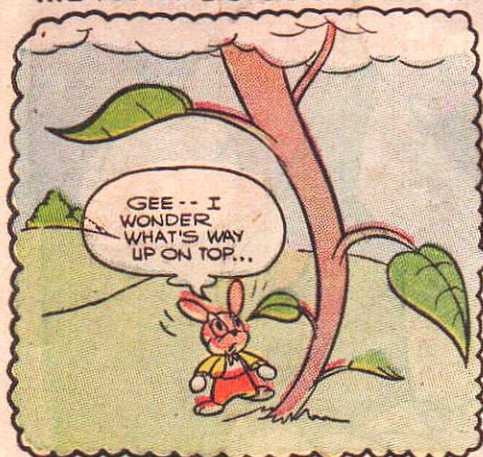






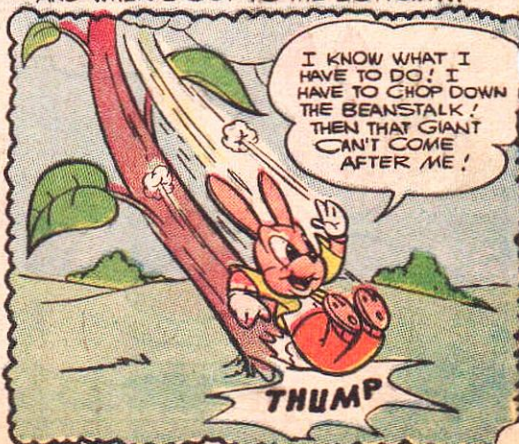
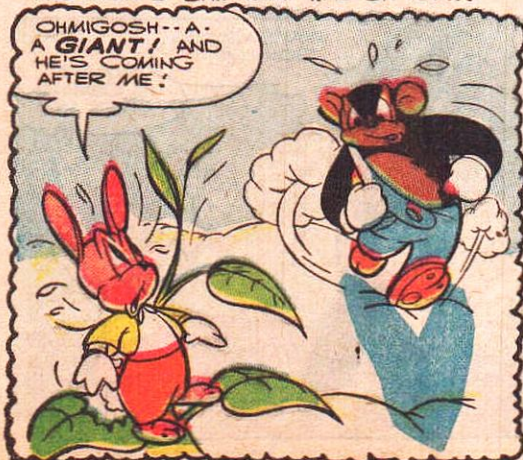
...I FOUND A BIG, BIG BEANSTALK...

I CLIMBED AND CLIMBED AND CLIMBED AND CLIMBED...

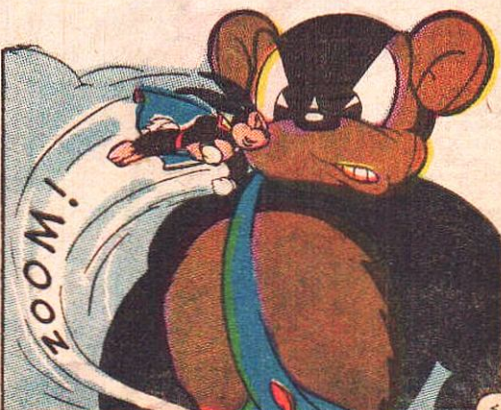
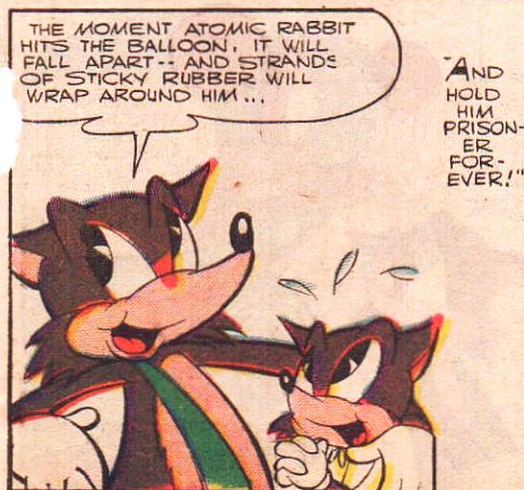
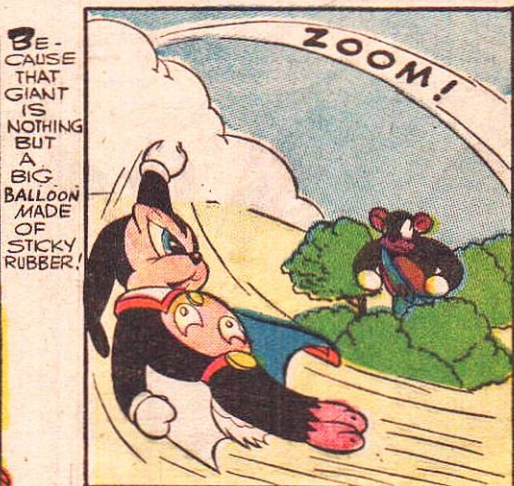
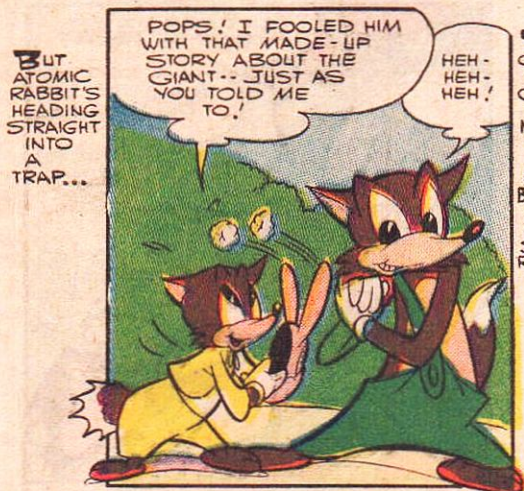
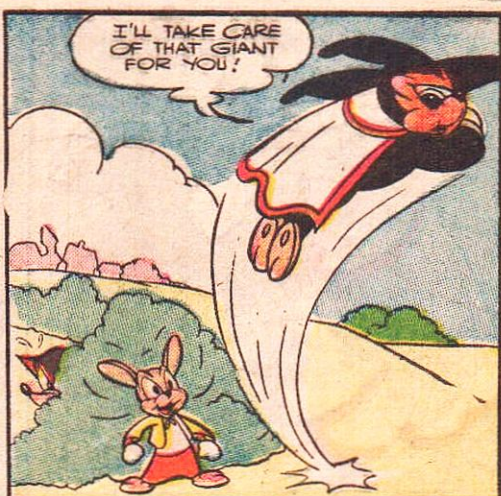
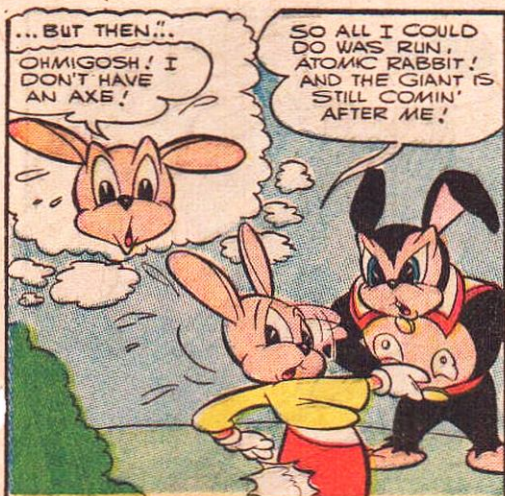


AND THEN I SAW WHAT WAS ON TOP...

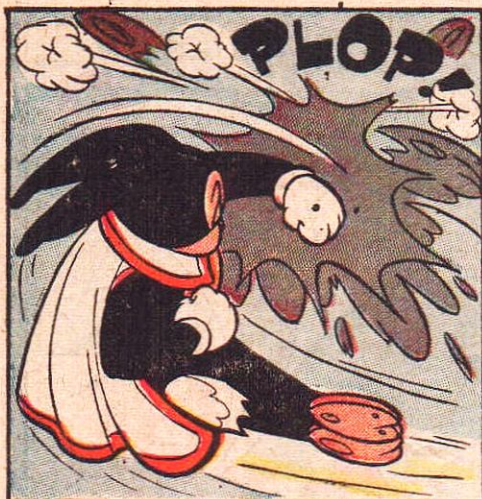
I SCOOTED DOWN AS FAST AS I COULD! AND WHEN I GOT TO THE BOTTOM...







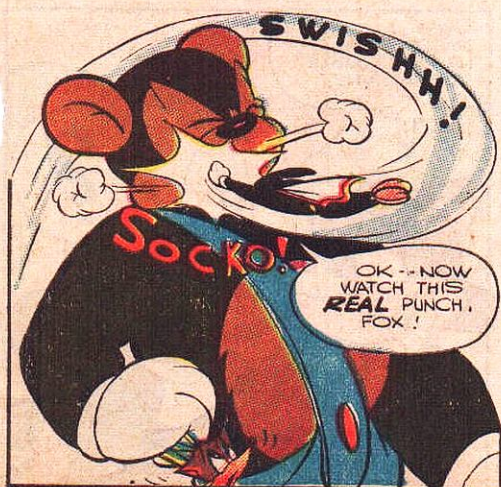
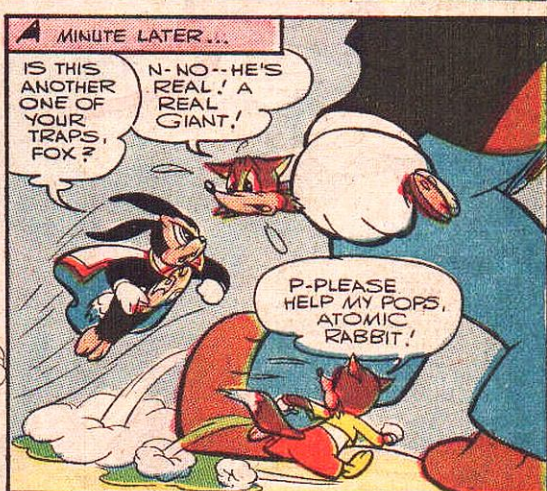
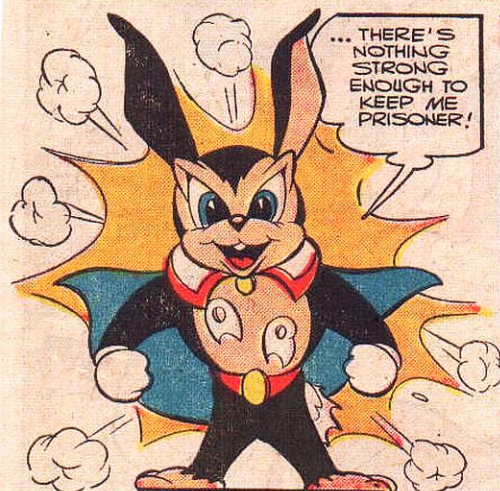
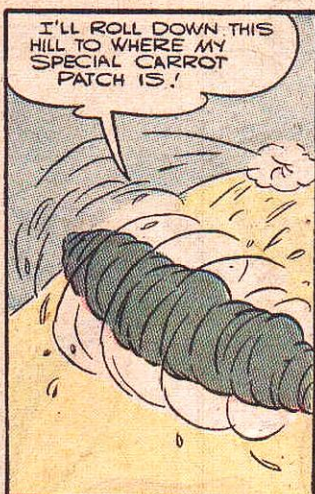




JUST  
THEN...





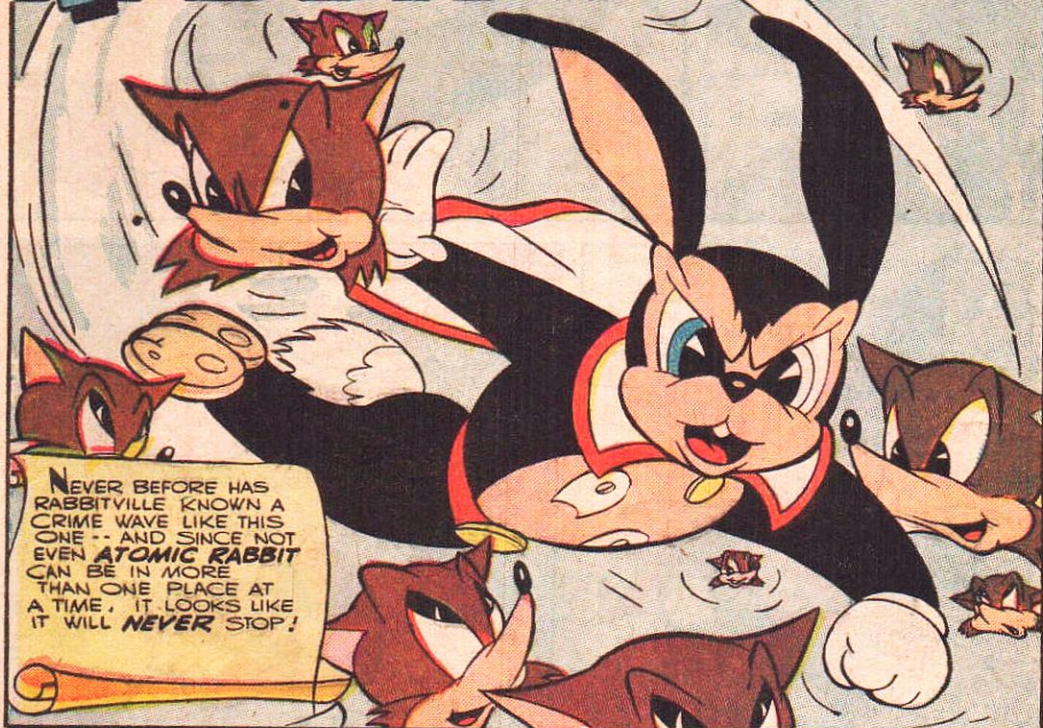


END



# ATOMIC RABBIT

"FOXES, FOXES,  
EVERYWHERE"



NEVER BEFORE HAS  
RABBITVILLE KNOWN A  
CRIME WAVE LIKE THIS  
ONE -- AND SINCE NOT  
EVEN ATOMIC RABBIT  
CAN BE IN MORE  
THAN ONE PLACE AT  
A TIME, IT LOOKS LIKE  
IT WILL **NEVER STOP!**



HI, POPS--  
WHAT'RE YOU  
SO HAPPY  
ABOUT?

LOOK  
WHO'S HERE,  
KIDS! AND  
YOU'LL SEE...

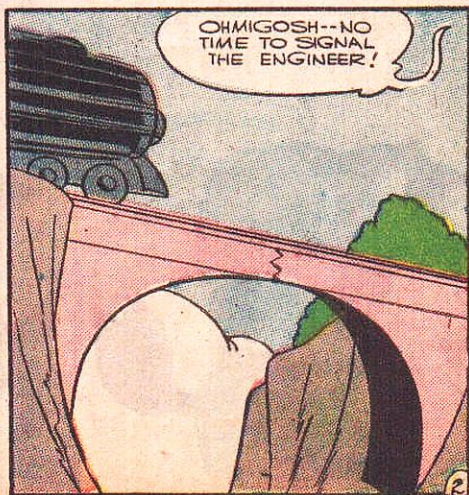
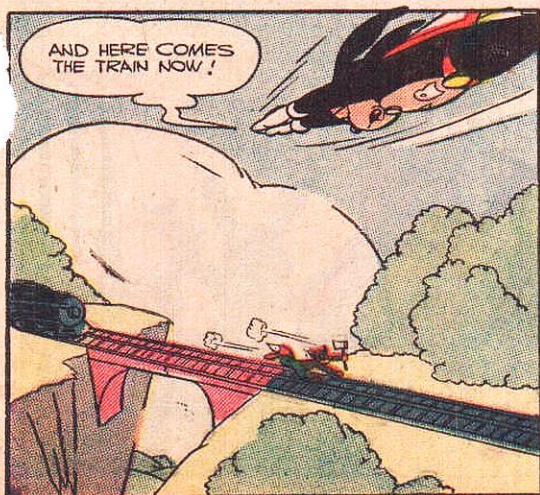
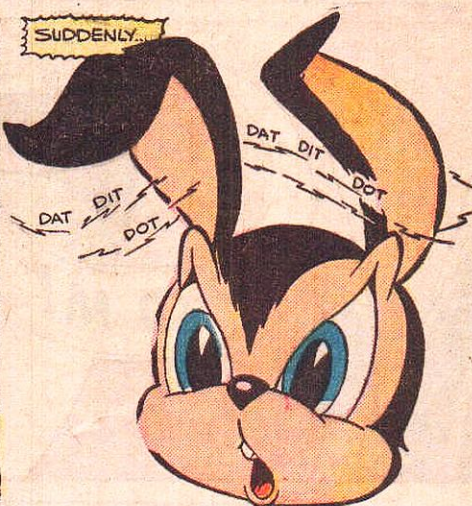
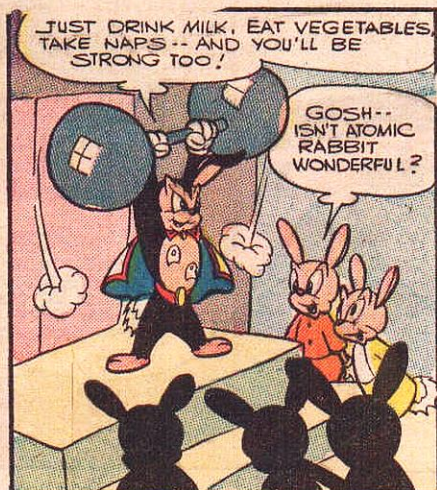


-- WHY ATOMIC  
RABBIT WILL  
NEVER TROUBLE  
US AGAIN!

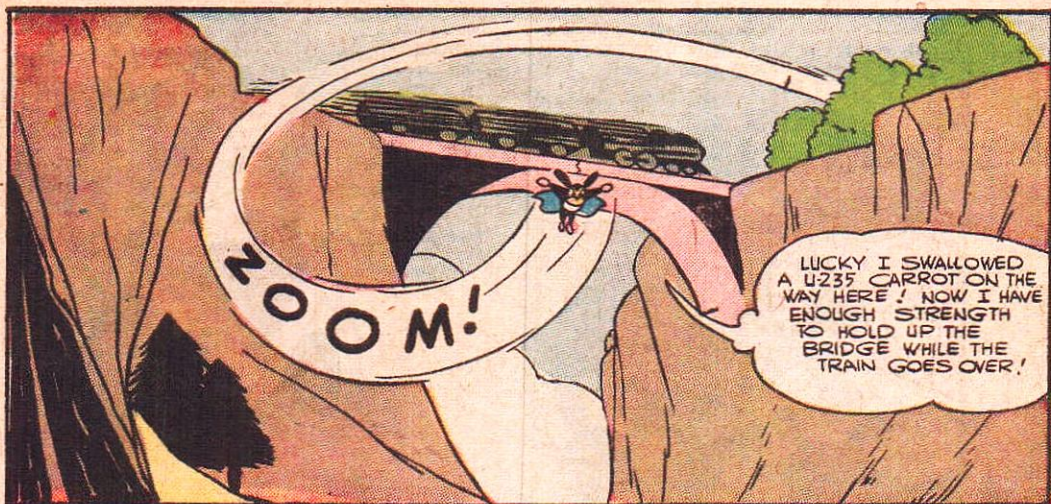
?



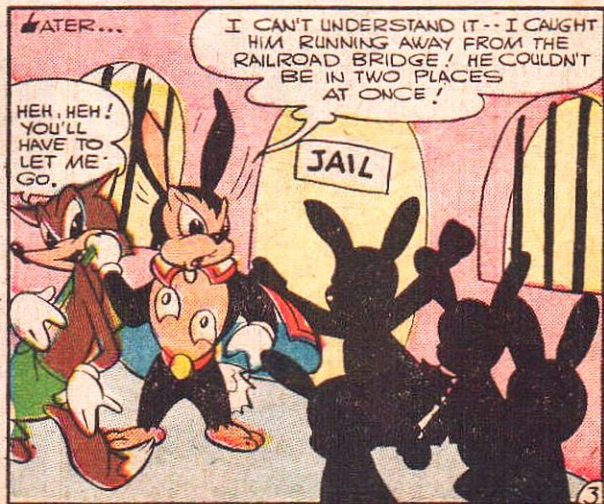
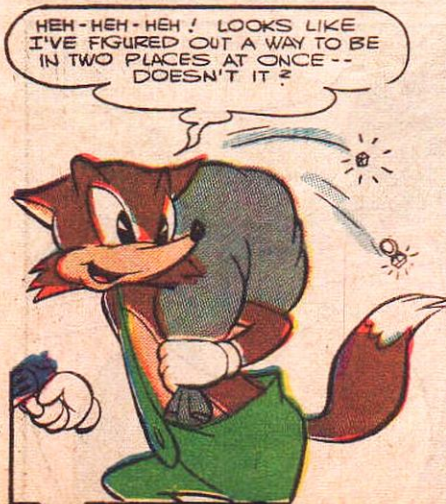
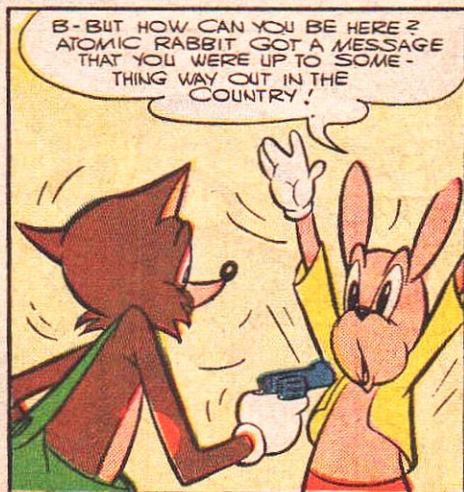
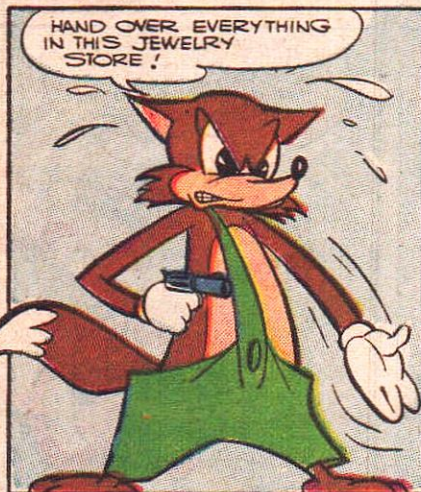
WATER,  
IN  
RABBIT-  
VILLE...



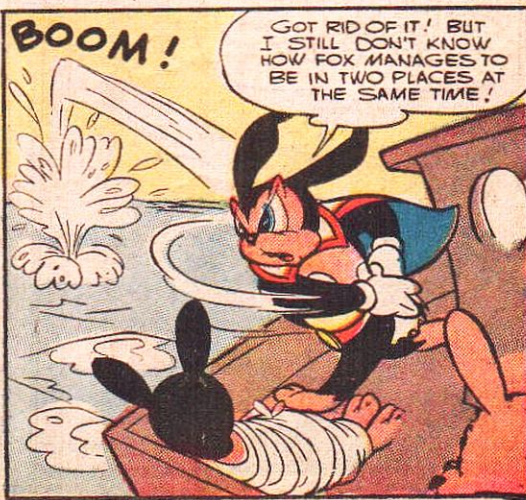
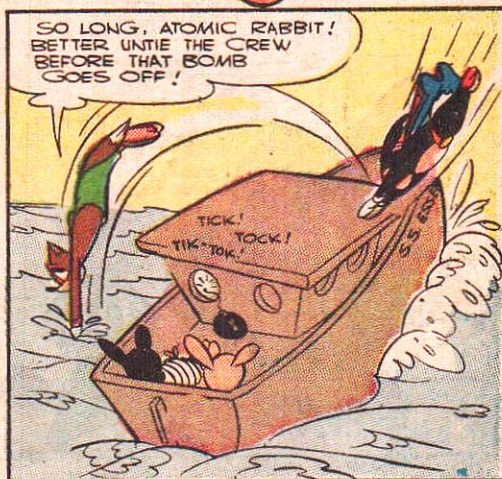
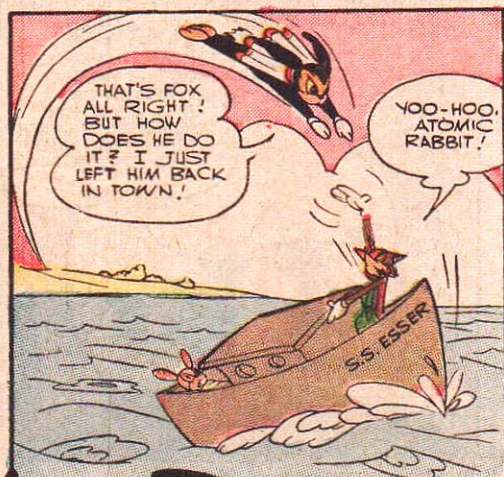
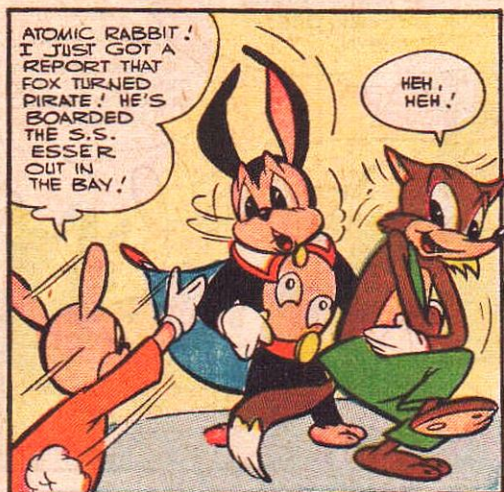




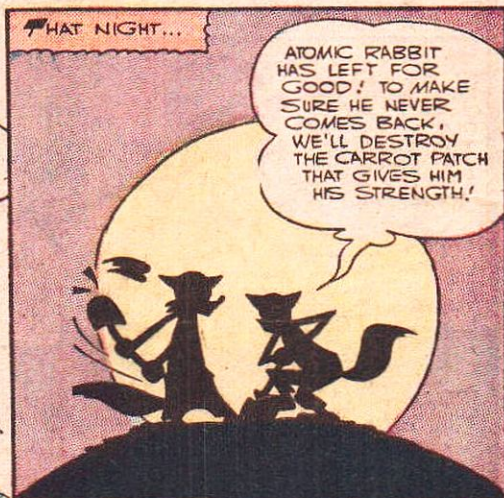
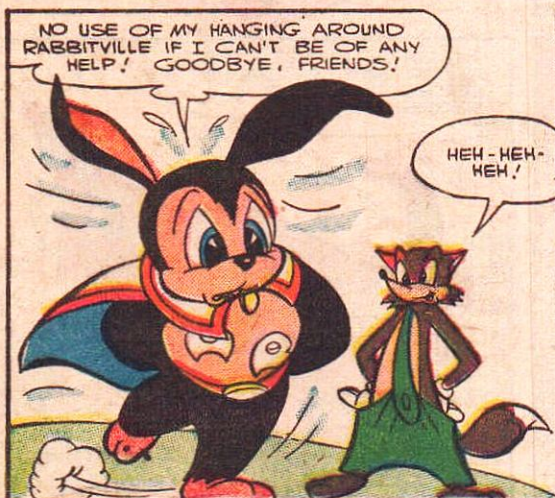
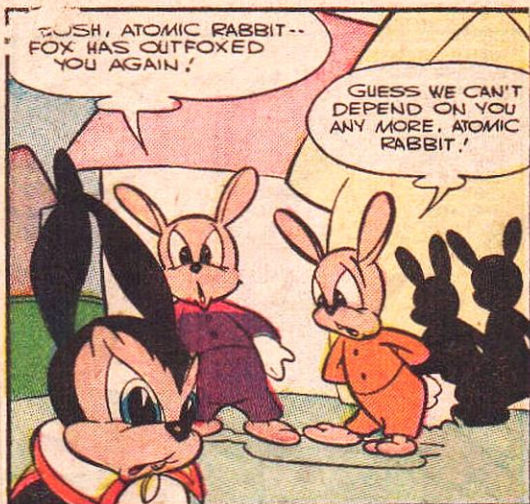
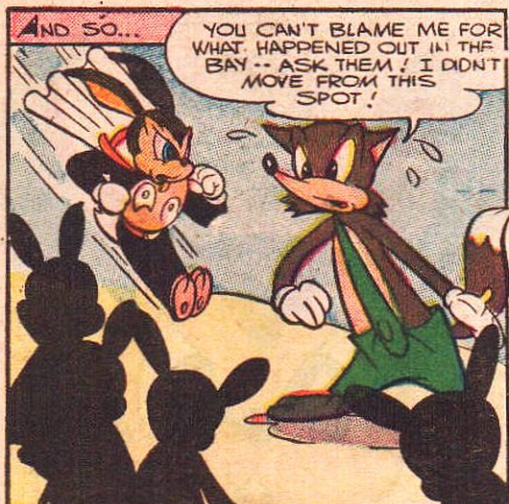
AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FAR AWAY IN RABBIT-VILLE...



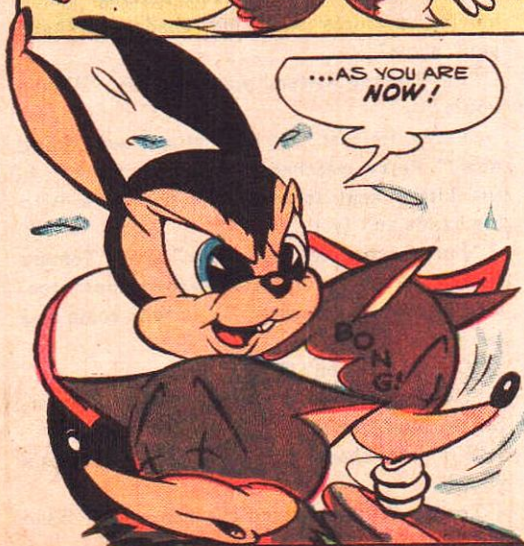
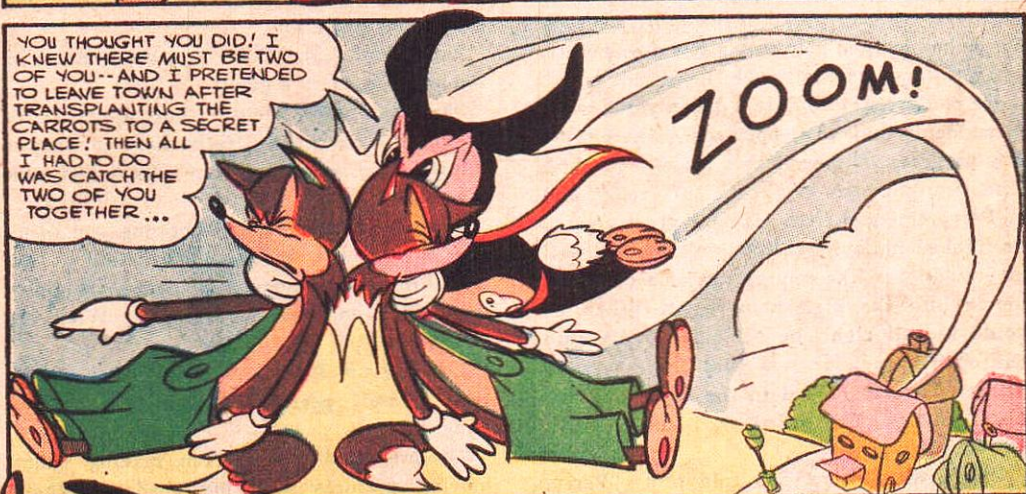
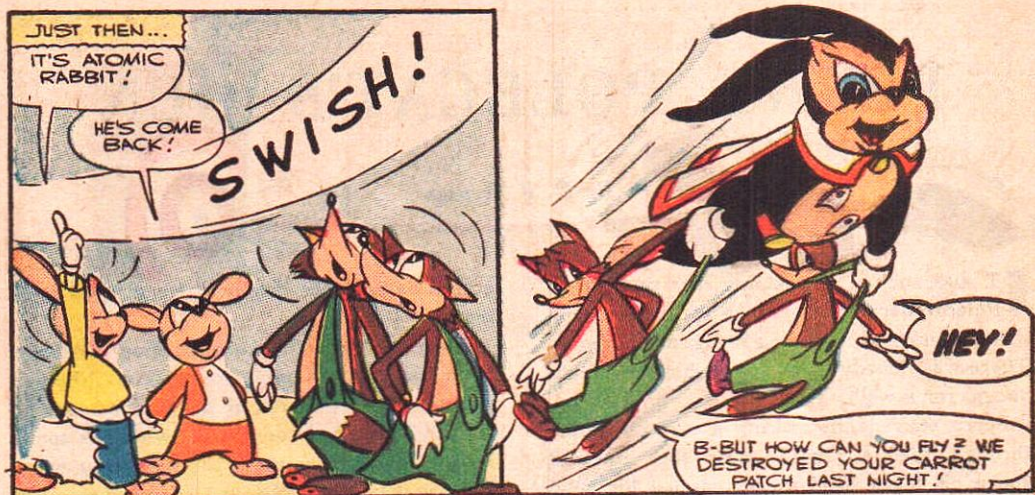














# PERRY POLECAT'S GUN



By R. R. Symes



IT was such a nice sunny day that Perry Polecat decided to take a walk. His papa was at work and his mama had gone shopping. There was nobody home to tell him he should not go for a walk.

Perry started off, making a sort of tunnel through the tall, wild grass that towered above his black head. Perry carried his head high. He was very proud of his ability to walk for he had learned how only a few days before. He was very anxious to see the world.

He had progressed only a dozen yards when he suddenly came to an open space where there was no grass. The earth was brown and hard. The sunlight was bright in this space and as Perry emerged from his dark green tunnel, he blinked his eyes. He couldn't see too well at first. It was like coming out of a darkened movie into the high noon light. When he could see all right, he walked proudly into the open space. He was sure there was no danger. He had looked to the right. He had seen nothing. He had looked to the left. Nothing there.

That's what mama had told him: "Perry, be careful crossing open spaces. Always look both ways. Look to the right. And look to the left. And—" *what was that other thing mama always said? Oh, yes! "Look behind!"*

Perry looked behind and nearly jumped out of his skin. Something very black and frightening with four legs and a long bushy tail was right behind him! Little Perry started to run and the black thing followed him, right behind. Perry stopped and froze. He squeezed his eyes shut tight. His heart went rump-bump-iddi-dee-dump. Nothing happened. He dared to sneak another look at the black thing. It was right behind him. It was flat on the ground. Little Perry started to laugh, "He-he-heeeee!" He was laughing at himself.

"That's my shadow!" he giggled. "I've been

scared by my own shadow!" He giggled some more.

His papa had told him a lot about shadows. "Son," he said, "a brave young skunk like you should never be scared of his own shadow."

"But," papa had continued, "when it's somebody else's shadow, that's the time to be wary. Be sure your gun is always loaded and that you can shoot straight."

Mama had said, "Don't you think Perry is too small to carry a gun?"

"No," said papa, "he can't hurt himself with it and the sooner he learns how to protect himself, the better for him." Papa had convinced her.

Perry was jumping and hopping and dancing in the open space and laughing at the silly things his shadow kept doing. He didn't stop till a voice said, "Mee-yow! What are you doing?"

Looking up, Perry saw a fellow no bigger than himself peering at him from a low-hanging limb.

"Hello!" said Perry. "I'm making funny moving pictures with my shadow. What's your name?"

"I'm Tommy Kitten," was the reply. "What's yours?"

"Perry Polecat. Say! What are you doing now?" Perry watched with great interest as the kitten kept scraping the tree bark with his hands and feet.

"I'm sharpening my claws," said Tommy Kitten. "And you'd better sharpen yours, too. Or else the Big Beastly Brute will come and eat you all up!"

"Oh, no he won't!"

"He won't? Why won't he? How're you going to stop him?"

"I'll just shoot him with my gun, that's what!"

Tommy Kitten showed great interest. "Have



you got a gun, honest? Does it shoot real bullets? Like a cowboy or a policeman?"

"Nooooo, not *bullets*," admitted Perry.

"Well, if its just a toy wooden gun or an old cap pistol, it won't stop the Big Beastly Brute from coming and eating you all up!" asserted Tommy Kitten, somewhat scornfully.

"Yes it will," declared Perry. "It's not a toy. It shoots spray."

"What good's that?"

"Papa says it'll stop anything."

"Let's see it! Let's see you shoot it! But don't aim it this way! Go on, I dare you to shoot it!"

Egged on, Perry Polecat got his spray pistol out of his holster, twirled it professionally, and then squeezed the trigger. A fine spray shot out.

"Ooooooooooh!" cried Tommy, holding his nose.

"What's the matter?" asked Perry, twirling his pistol and pretending to draw a bead on a villainous outlaw.

"Put that thing away! That smells awful!" cried Tommy Kitten.

"Golly, does it? I never noticed. Well, come on down and we'll play some other game."

"No, sir! Not with you!" cried Tommy Kitten, running farther up the limb and climbing the tree. "I'm not going to play with you, you *skunk*!"

**W**HEN the Big Beastly Brute came along and saw the little ball of fur beside the old hollow log he thought, "Ha! A kitty cat! It will make a very nice snack for me!"

His red tongue came out and licked his lips and his long white fangs in anticipation. He took one step forward, then stopped short. He had seen that the "kitty cat" was black with a big white stripe down the middle of its back. "It's a young skunk!" he growled to himself. "I won't mess with him!"

Then he noticed that the young skunk was crying. "What's the matter," asked the Big Beastly Brute.

"Tommy Kitten won't play with me," sobbed Perry Polecat. "It's because my pistol smells bad."

"It's not your pistol, it's your ammo," asserted the Big Beastly Brute, a nasty, crafty look coming into his big yellow eyes. "You

go to the perfume well and fill your spray gun with perfume. Then everybody will love you. I will love you especially, *chomp-chomp*!" thought the Big Beastly Brute.

Poor Perry was so unhappy and so eager to change his ammo that he failed to note the terrible look of hunger in the big yellow eyes. Perry followed instructions carefully. He went two blocks north to the dead chestnut tree, made a left-hand turn, followed the silver birches for twenty yards, turned right and found the Perfume Well straight ahead.

Dozen of wood sprites that looked like large butterflies were flitting about with their tiny buckets, filling them with perfume to throw on the violets and all the other wild flowers to make them smell nice. They were very kind and helped Perry fill his pistol with perfume. Young Polecat tried a practise shot and was delighted with the attar of roses his spray gun produced. After thanking the wood sprites, he went away singing.

His song was interrupted when he heard a cry of, "Meee-yow! Help!"

He ran forward and saw Tommy Kitten on top of a high stump. The Big Bad Brute was climbing up after him. "Stop, or I'll shoot!" yelled Perry.

"Ha, you can't hurt me!" snarled the Brute. "Your gun is full of perfume!"

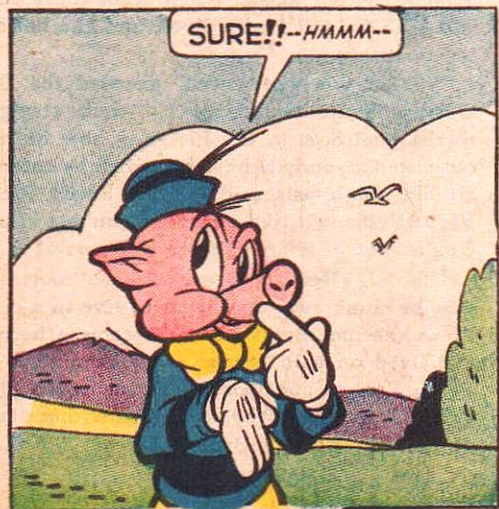
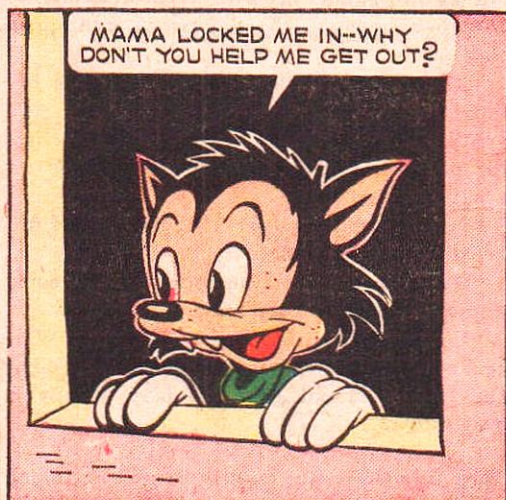
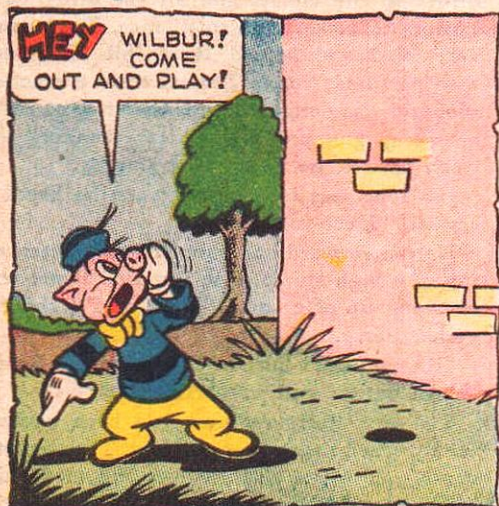
Too late, Perry realized he'd been tricked. He squeezed the trigger, anyway. The perfume spray got in the Brute's eyes and made him blink. It got in his nose and made him sneeze. Tommy Kitten leaped down from the stump and both he and Perry dived into the hollow log to safety.

"I'll get you guys later," growled the Big Beastly Brute departing. He went straight to the poolroom to tell his gang how he had outwitted a young skunk. But when he entered all his tough pals said, "Sniff! Sniff! Woo! Woo! You smell like a flower. You're a sissy! You're not a Brute. You're a Petunia!"

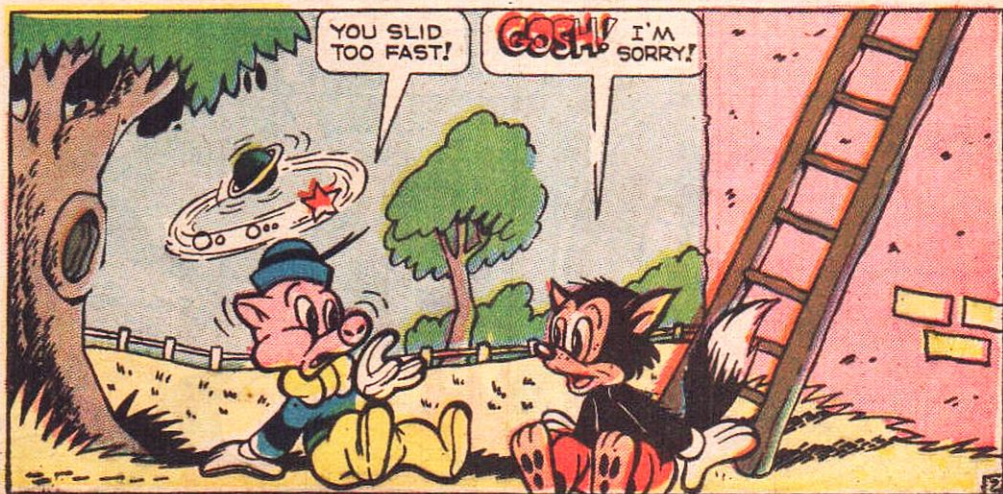
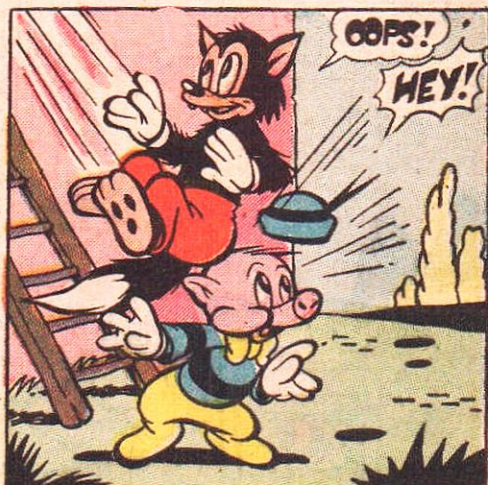
The Big Beastly Brute was so mortified that he slunk away and went to live in a cave up in the mountains and he became a hermit and lived on wild berries. And from then on Perry Polecat and Tommy Kitten could play games as much as they wanted to without fear of the Big Beastly Brute!

**THE END**

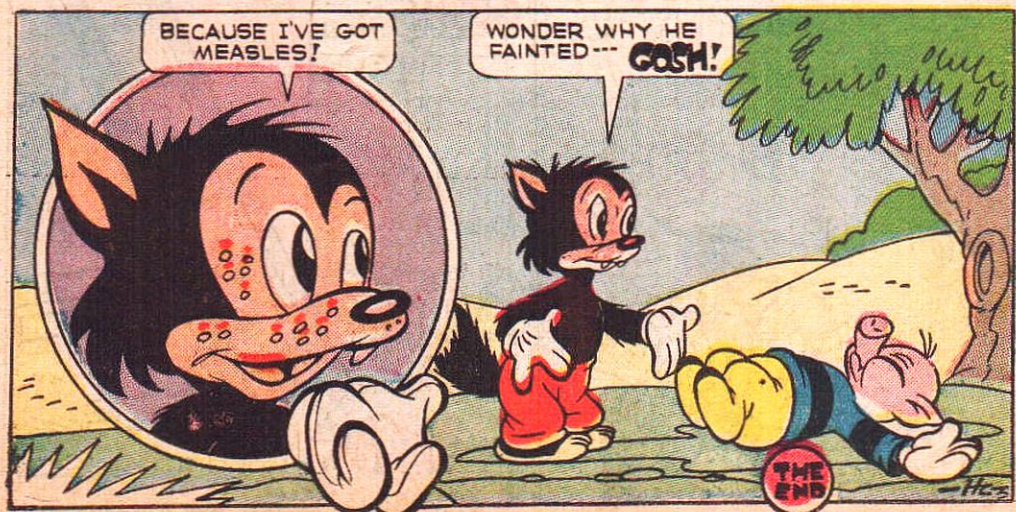
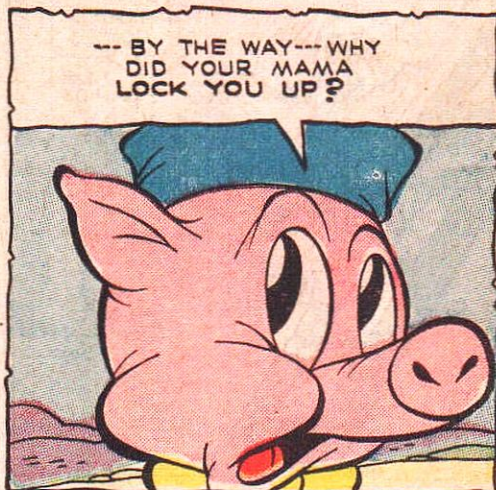
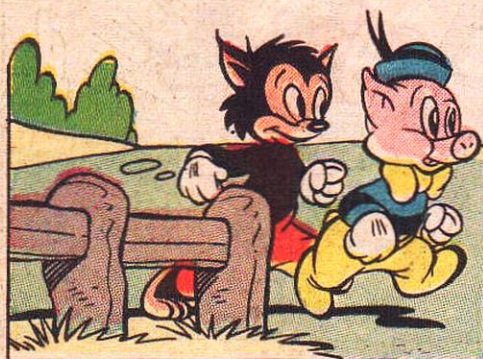








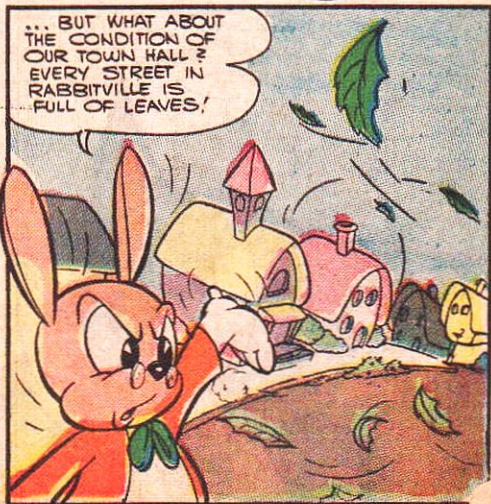
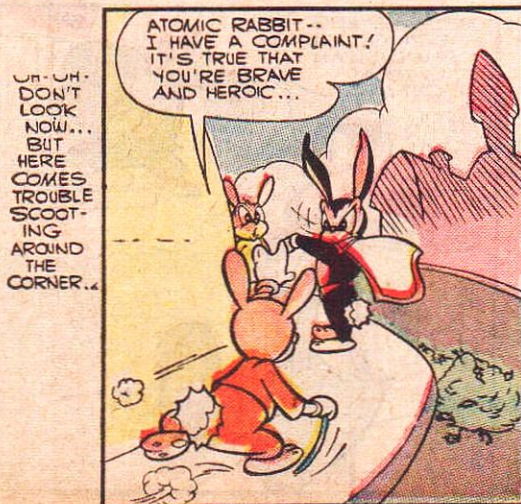
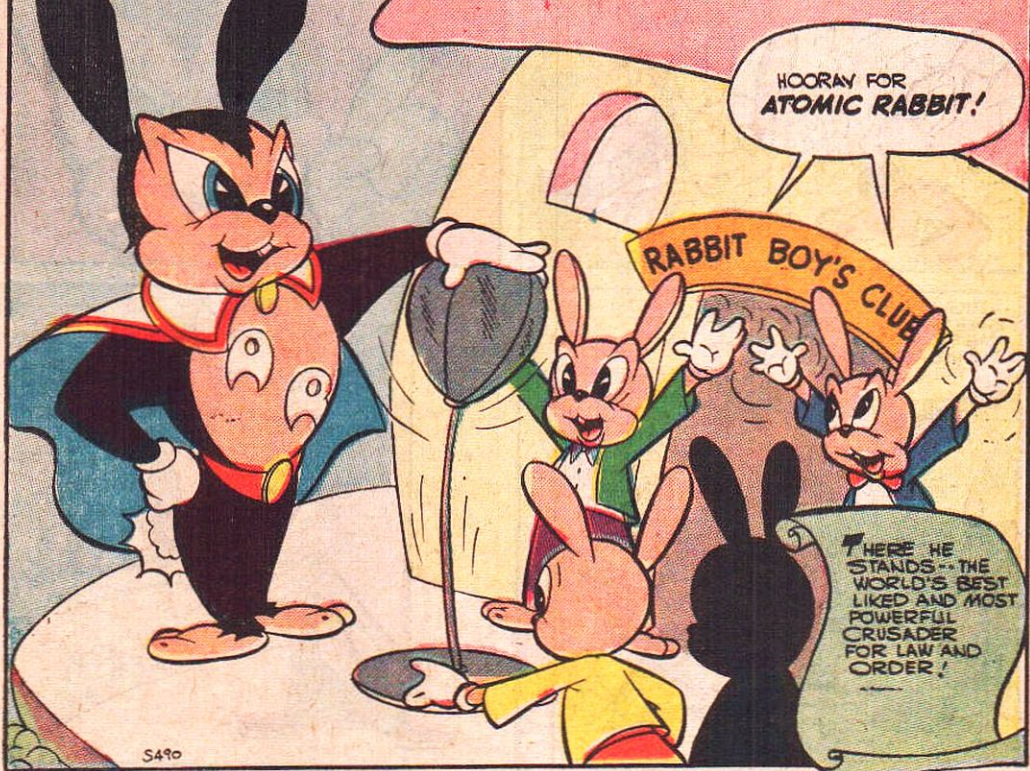




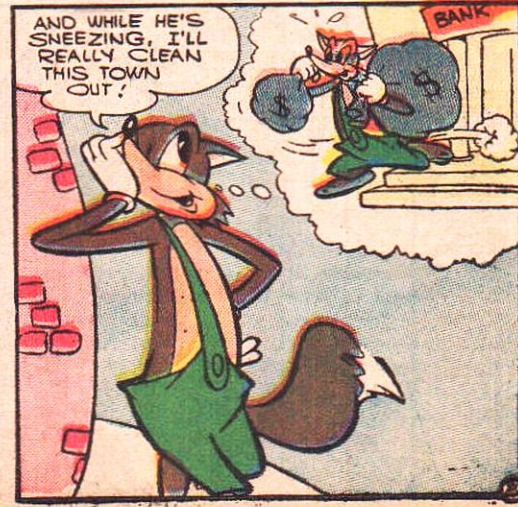
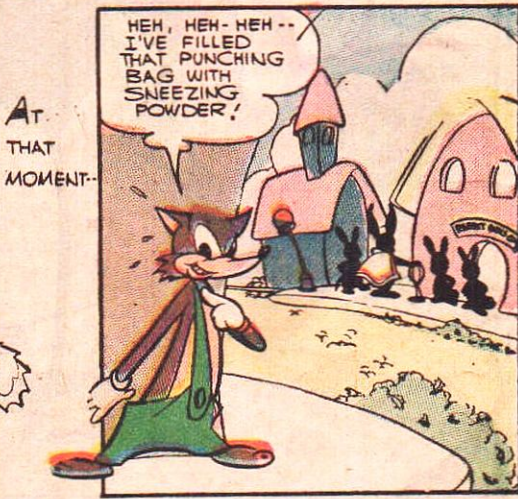
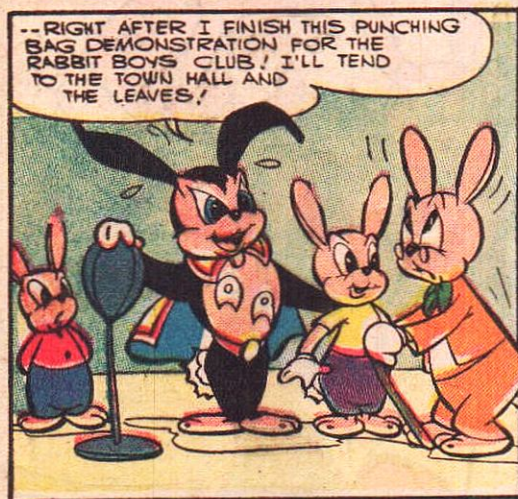
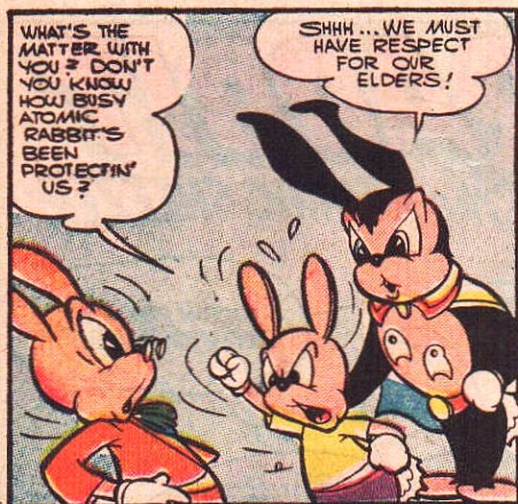


# ATOMIC RABBIT

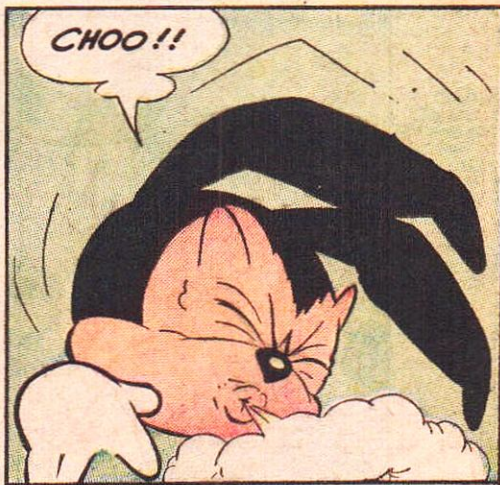
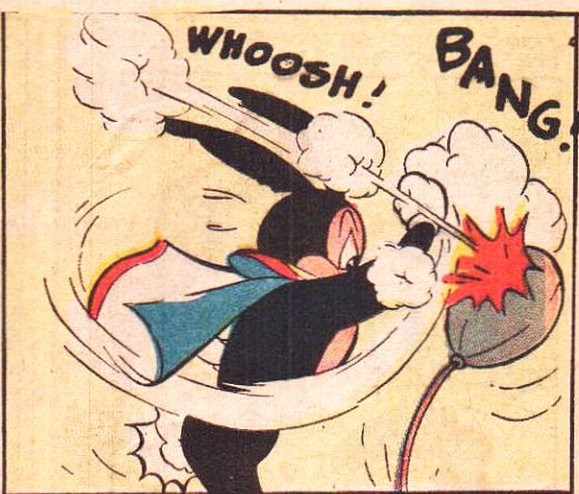
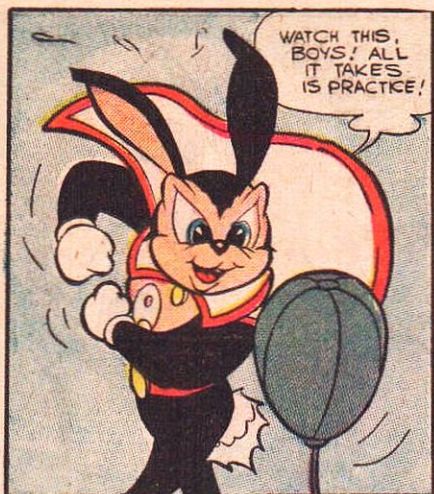
in *The ATOMIC SNEEZER*







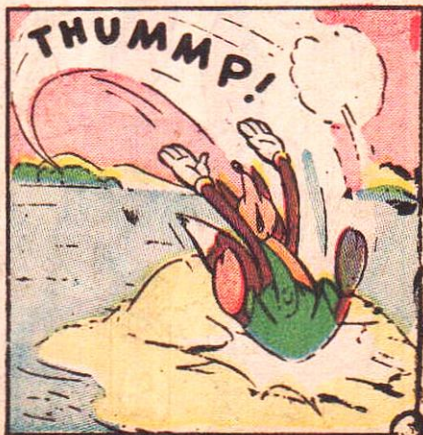




**B**UT DON'T FORGET WHO'S SNEEZING... ATOMIC RABBIT HIMSELF! AND THE FIRST MIGHTY SNEEZE, AS POWERFUL AS A TORNADO, SENDS FOX FLYING THROUGH THE AIR...

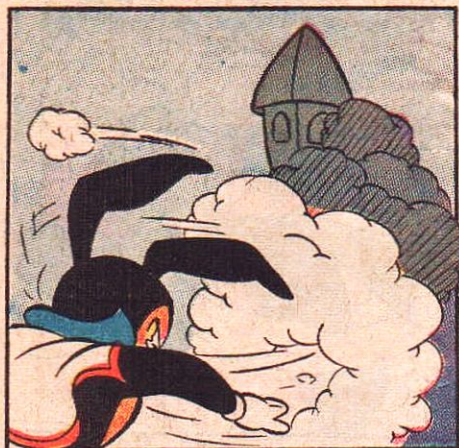


...OUT OVER THE OCEAN AND DOWN INTO A TINY DESERT ISLE WITH A...

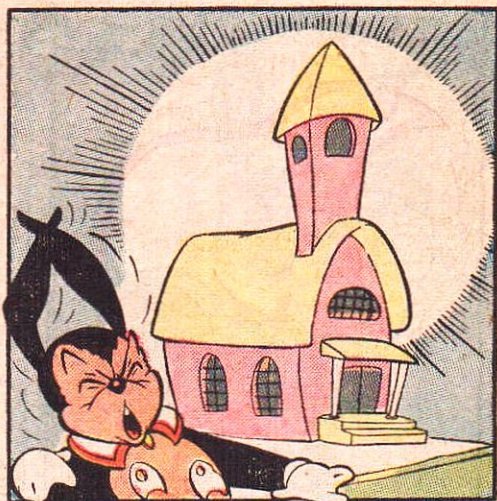




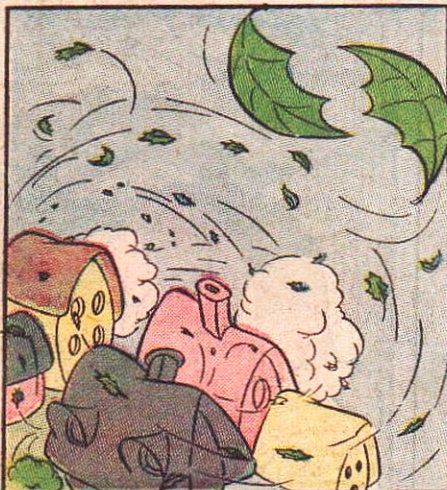
ATOMIC RABBIT'S SECOND MIGHTY  
SNEEZE SAND-BLASTS THE TOWN HALL...



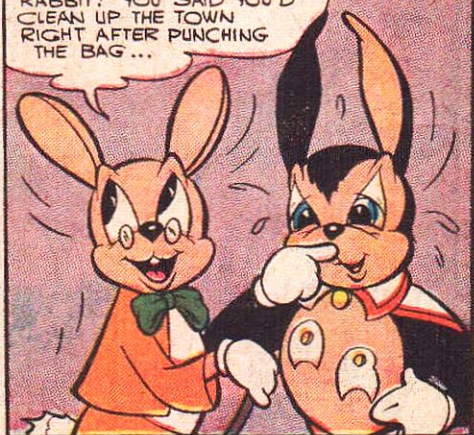
LEAVING  
IT  
CLEAN  
AND  
SHINY  
AS  
NEW...



AND  
ATOMIC  
RABBIT'S  
THIRD  
SNEEZE  
BLOWS  
EVERY  
LAST  
LEAF  
OUT  
OF  
RABBIT-  
VILLE...

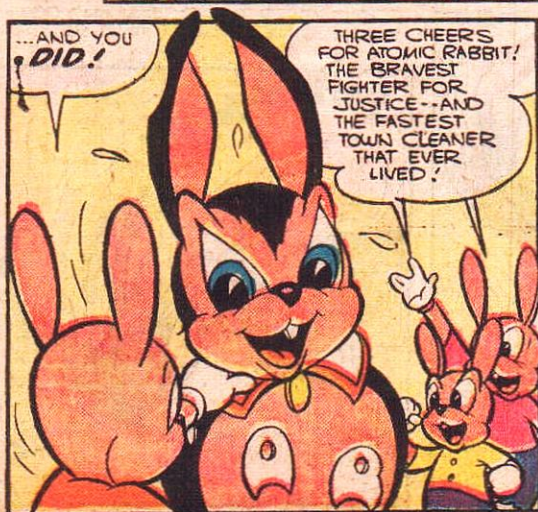


WELL, I MUST SAY YOU'VE  
KEPT YOUR WORD, ATOMIC  
RABBIT! YOU SAID YOU'D  
CLEAN UP THE TOWN  
RIGHT AFTER PUNCHING  
THE BAG...

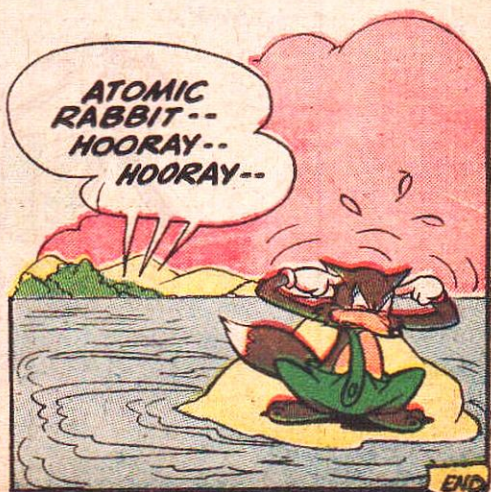


...AND YOU  
DID!

THREE CHEERS  
FOR ATOMIC RABBIT!  
THE BRAVEST  
FIGHTER FOR  
JUSTICE--AND  
THE FASTEST  
TOWN CLEANER  
THAT EVER  
LIVED!



ATOMIC  
RABBIT--  
HOORAY--  
HOORAY--

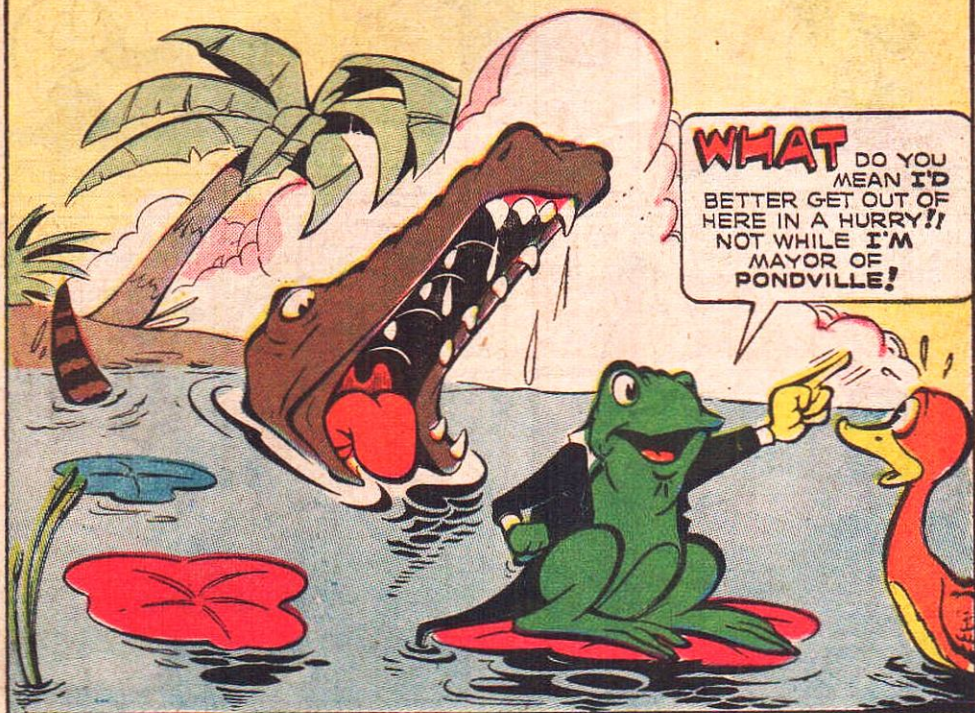


END

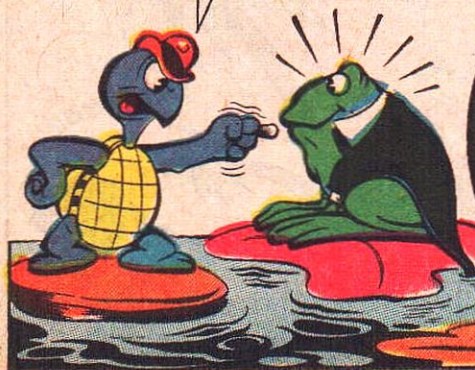


# TUFFY

## TURTLE



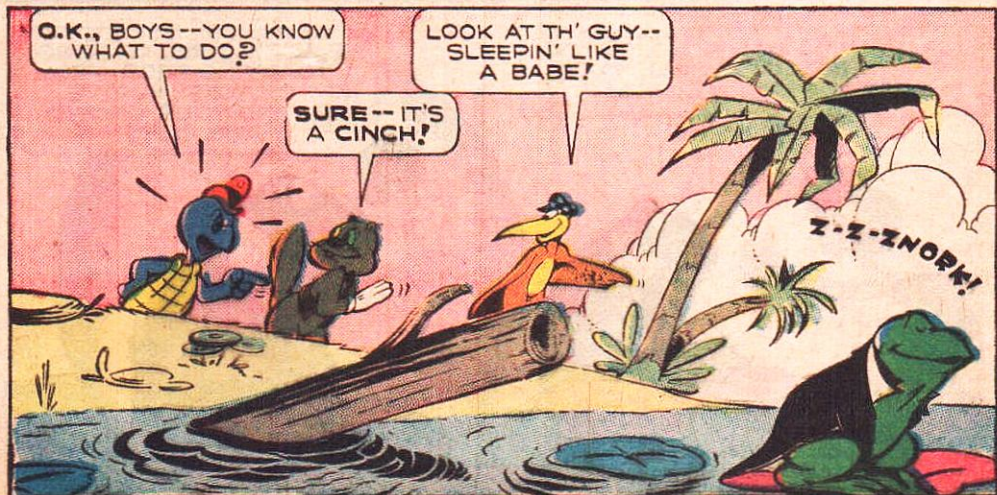
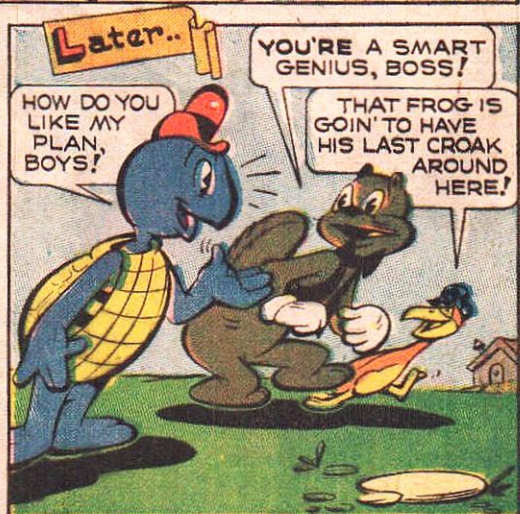
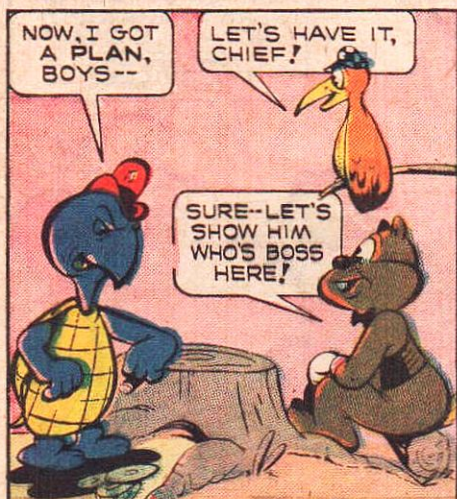
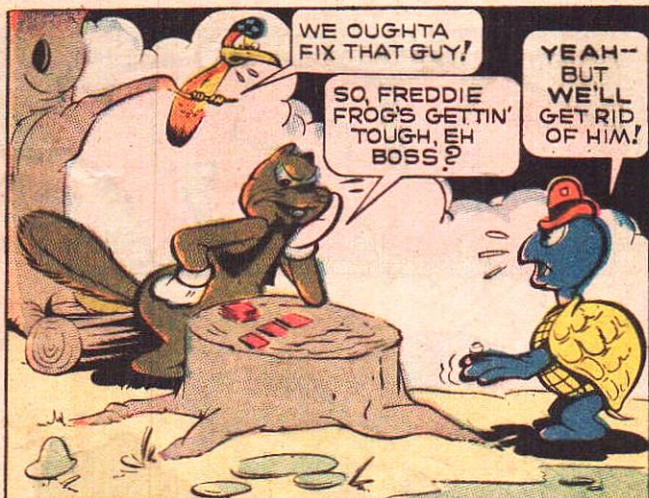
I'M RUNNIN' THIS POND, MAYOR FROG, SEE! AND YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS FROM ME, SEE!



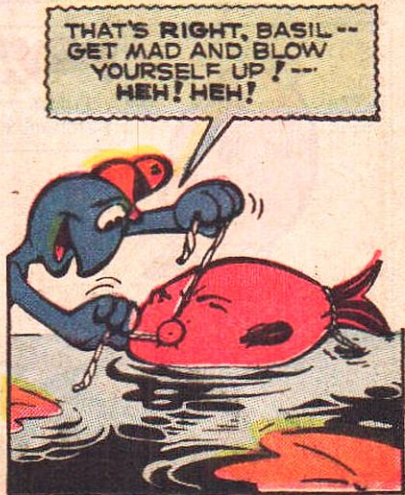
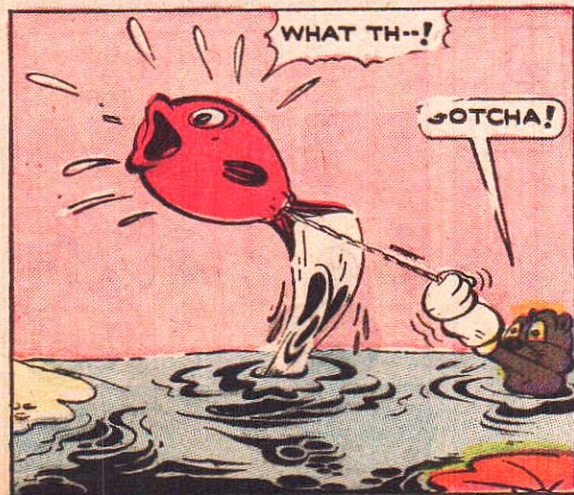
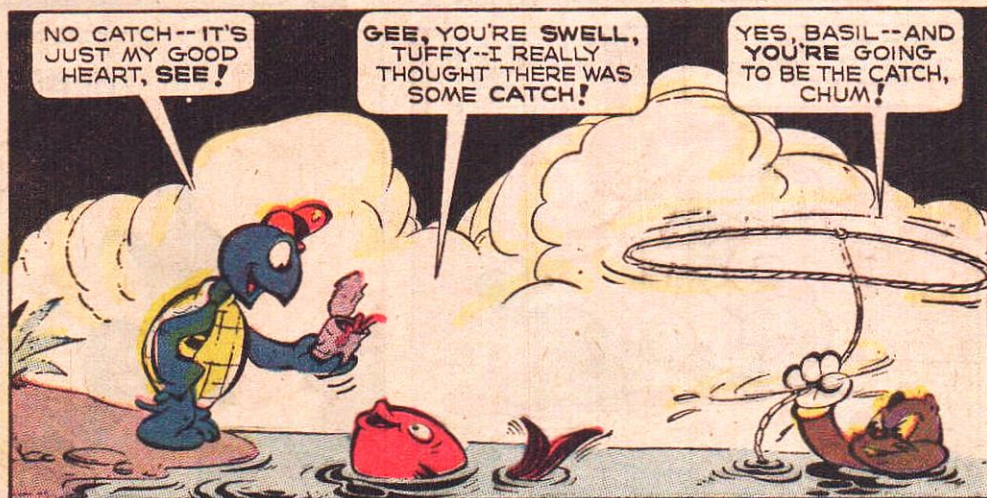
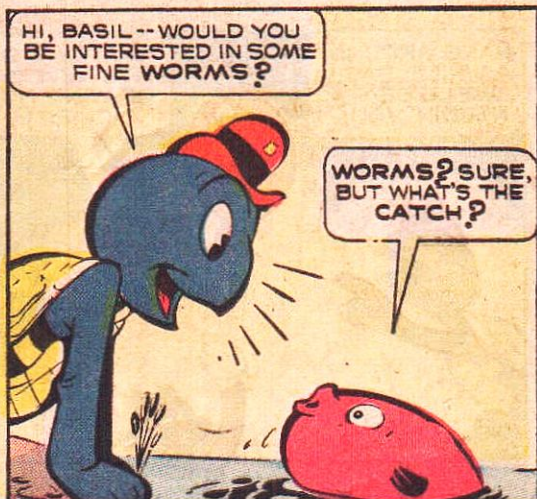
WELL, I'M TIRED OF BEING A TOADYING FROG--FROM NOW ON, TUFFY TURTLE, YOU AND YOUR CROWD ARE OUT!



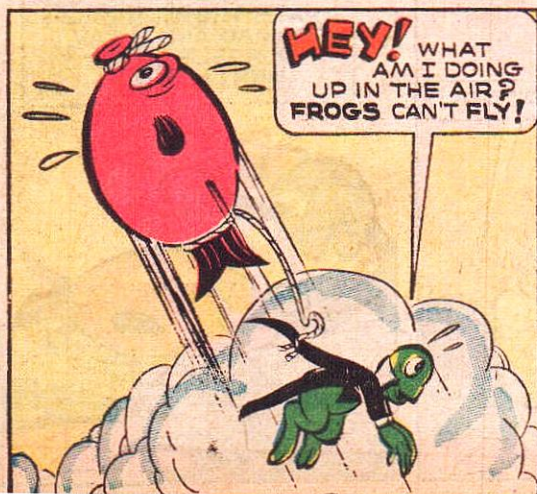
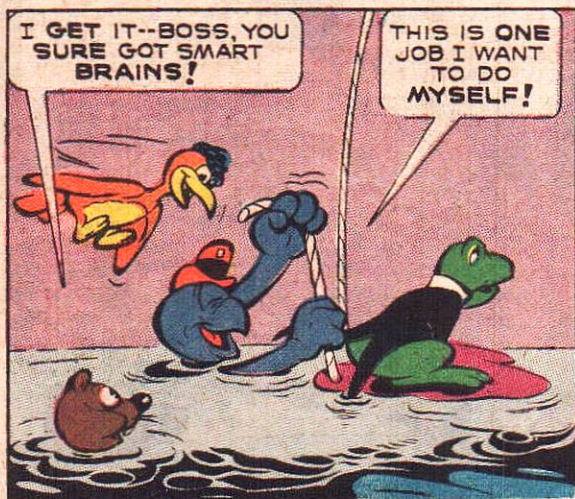
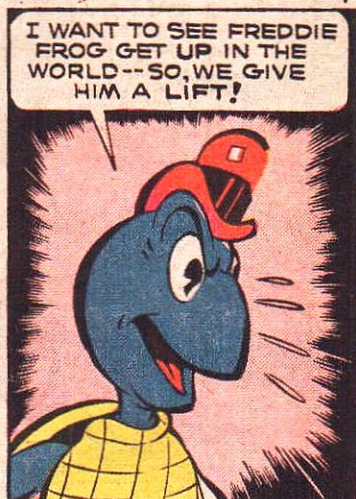
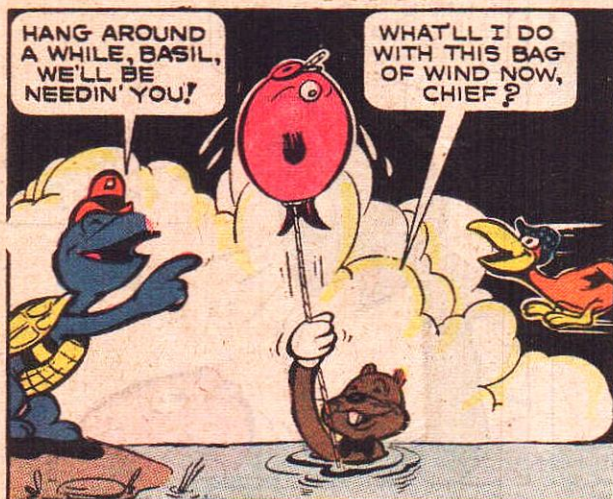




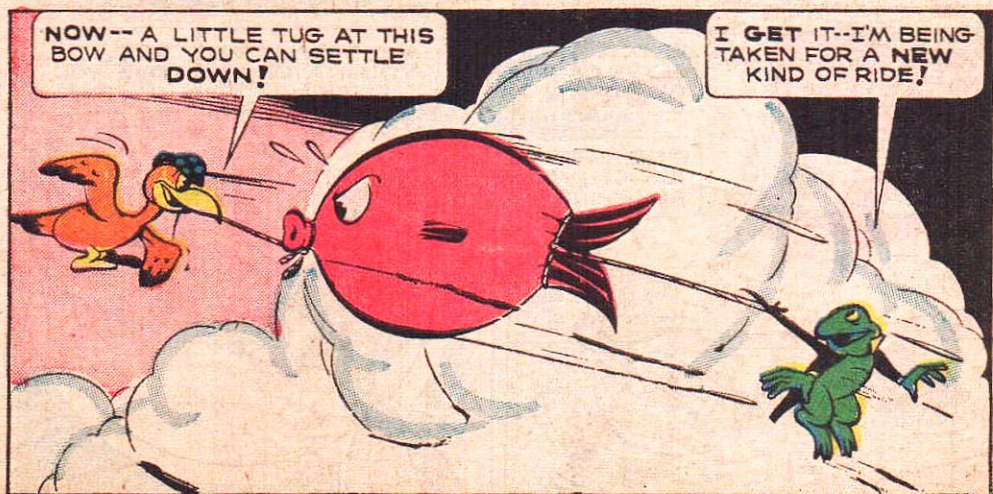
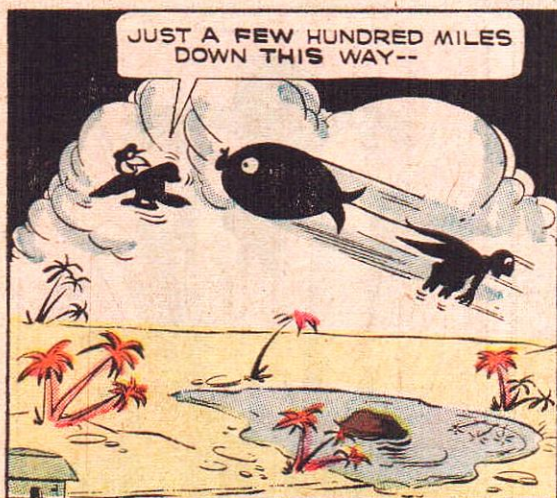
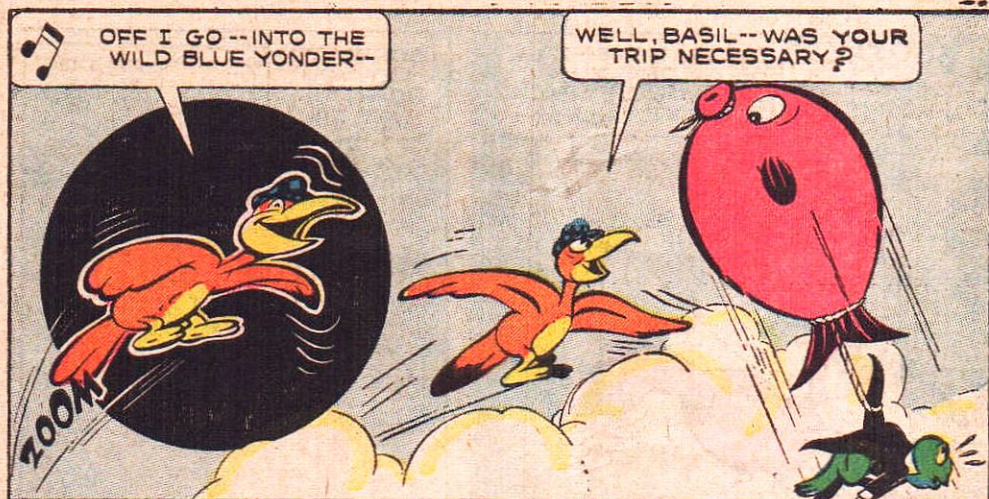




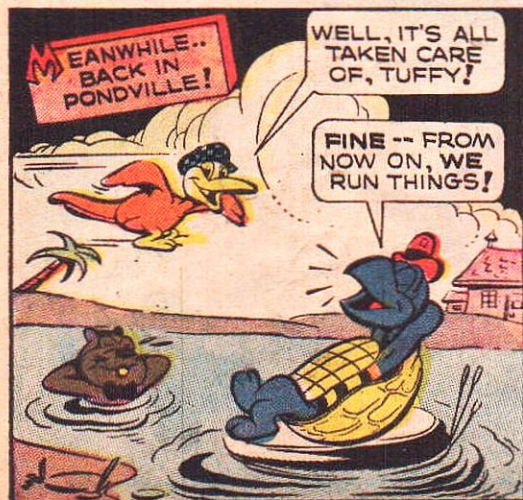
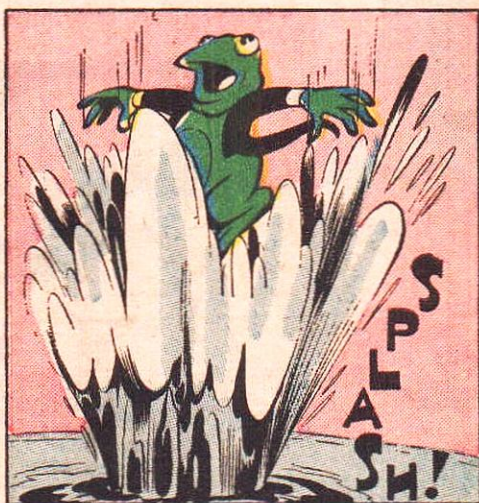
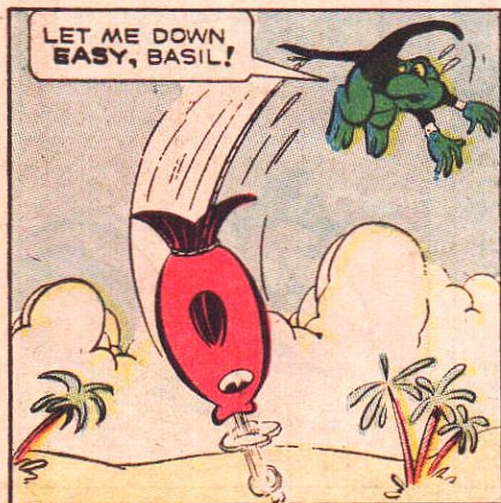
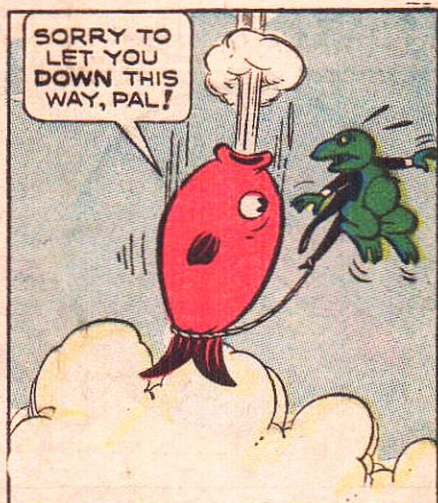
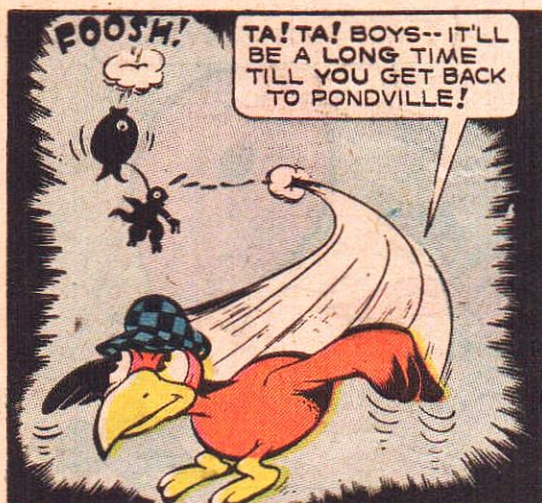




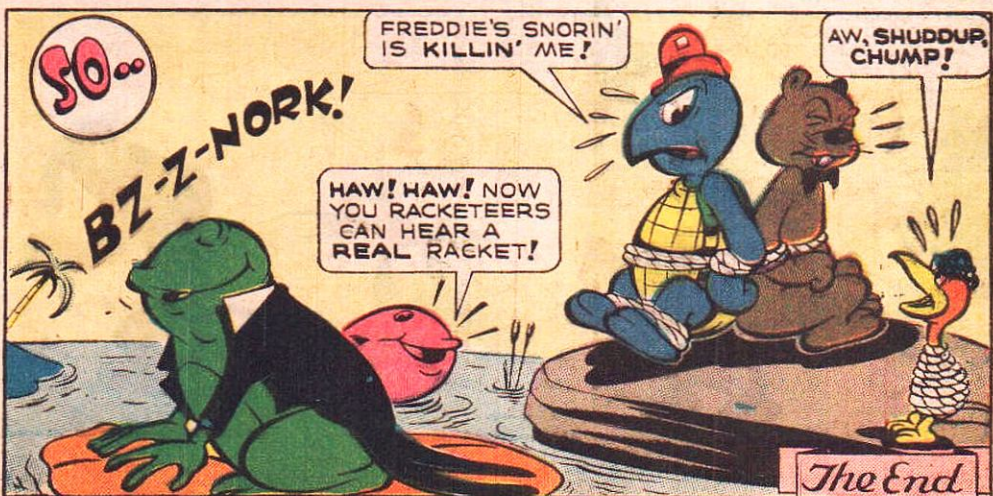
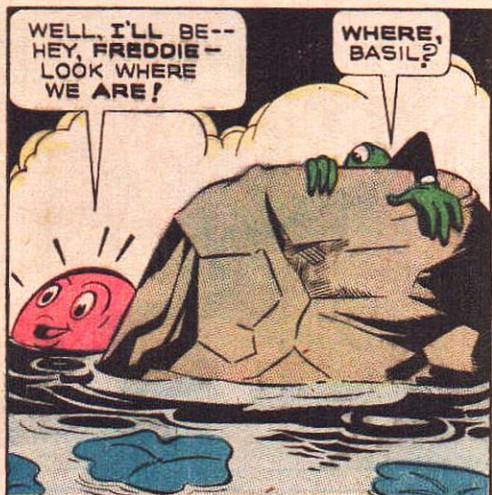
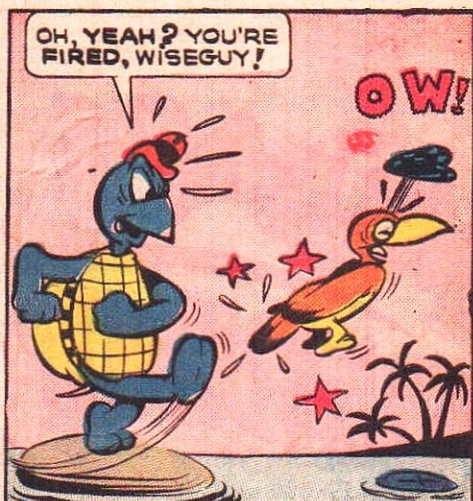






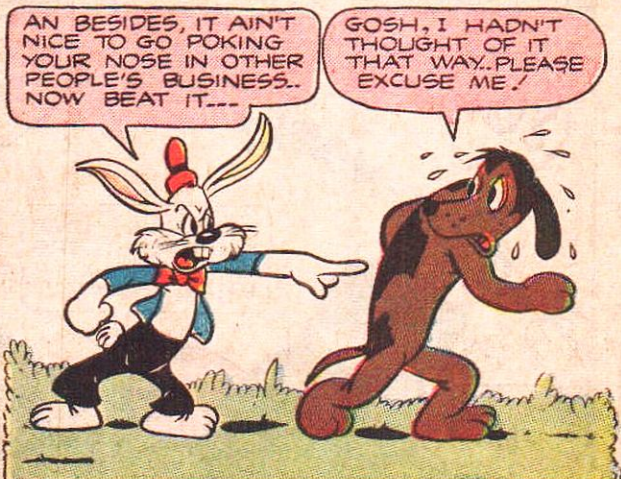
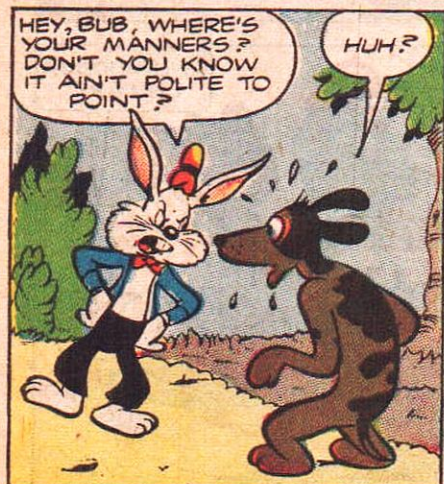
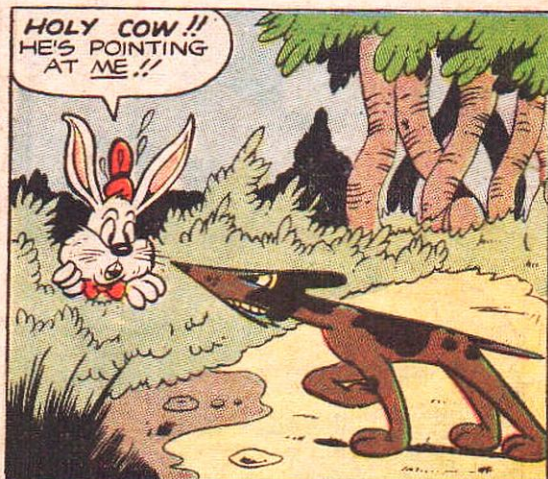
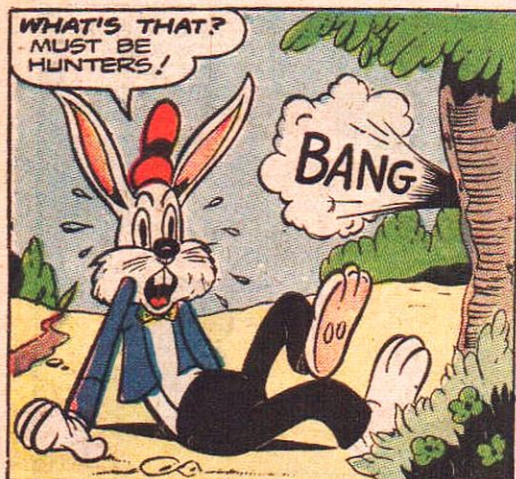
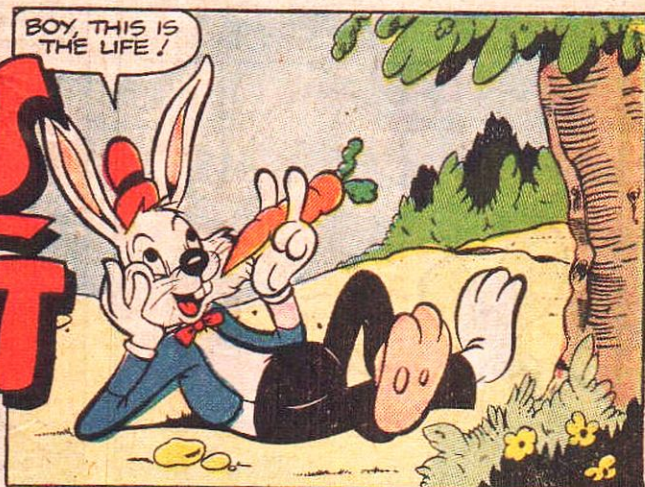




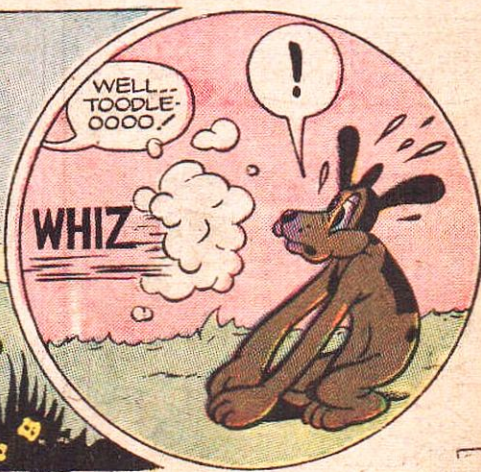
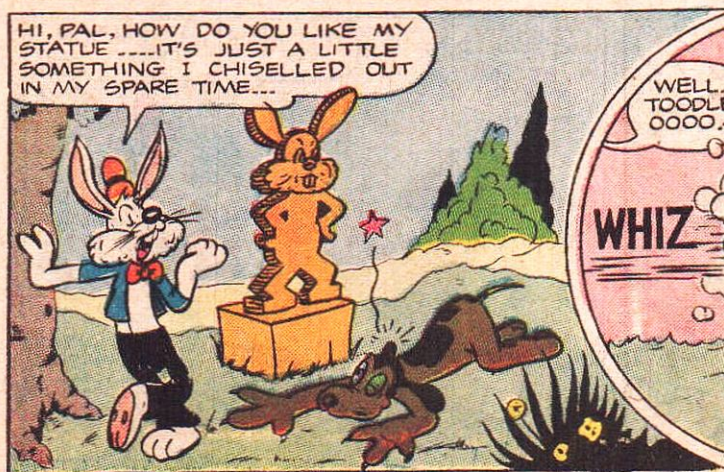
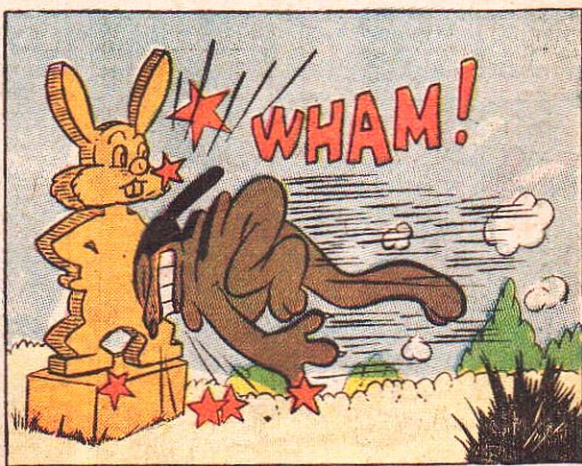
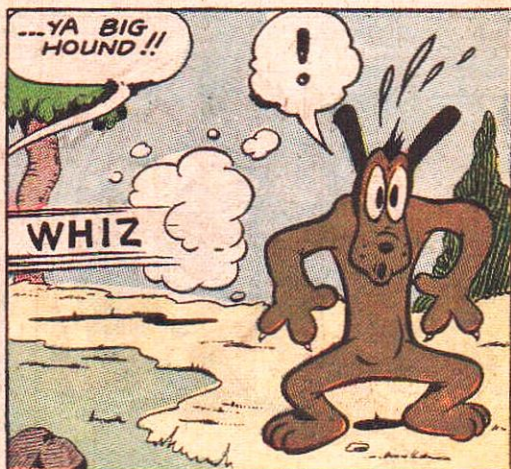
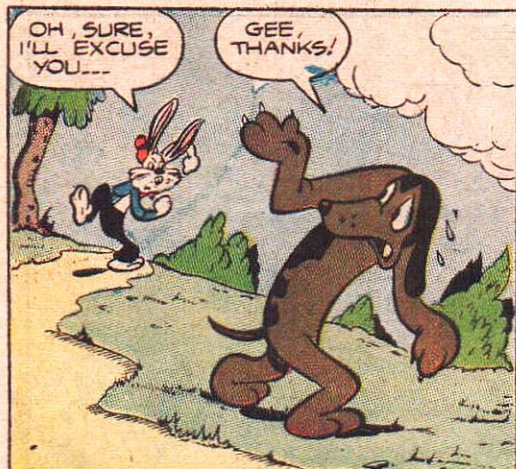




# MUMPS RABBIT

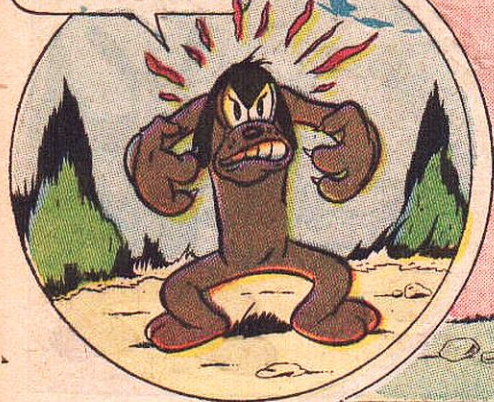




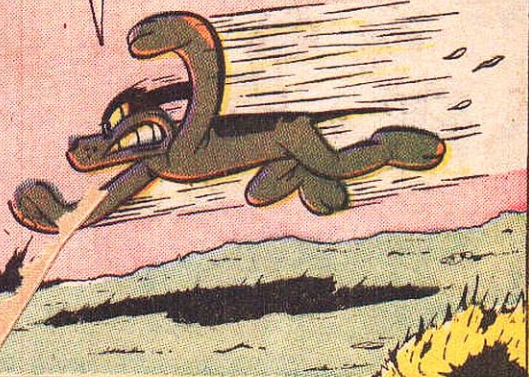




THIS TIME I'M GOING  
TO MOIDER HIM WIT  
ME BARE PAWS!

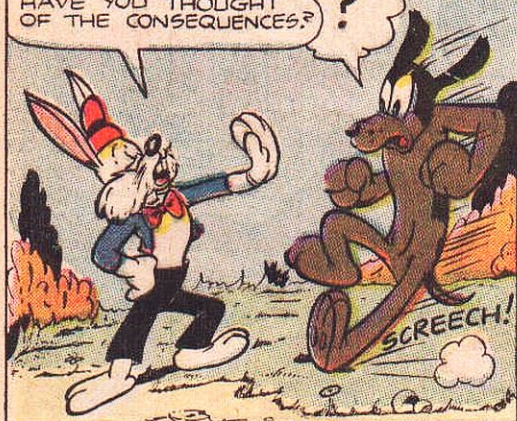


HERE I COME,  
WISE GUY ....



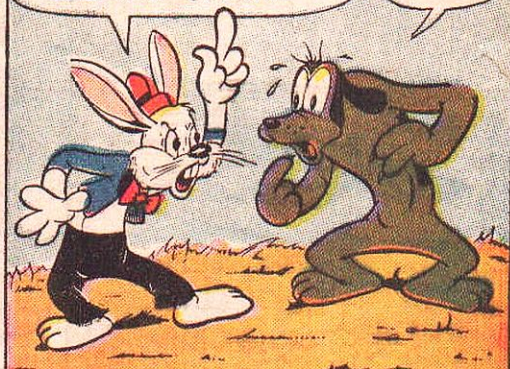
JUST A MOMENT!  
HAVE YOU THOUGHT  
OF THE CONSEQUENCES?

?



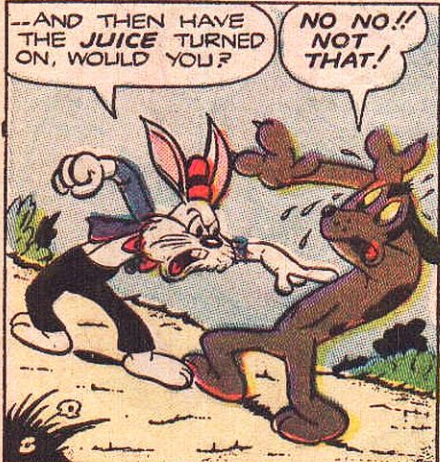
MOIDER IS AGAINST THE  
LAW...YOU WOULDN'T WANT  
TO BE STRAPPED IN THE  
ELECTRIC CHAIR...

WHAT?



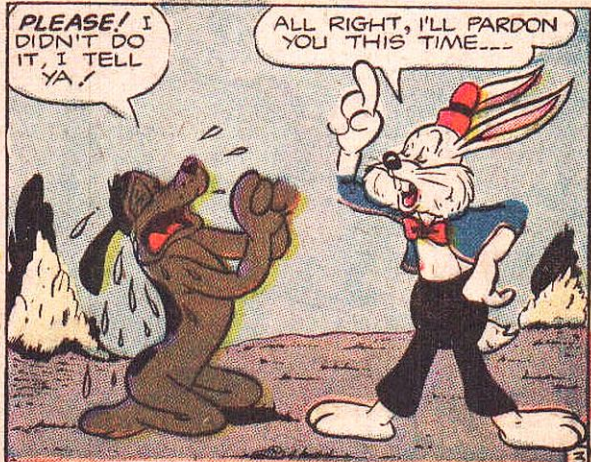
--AND THEN HAVE  
THE JUICE TURNED  
ON, WOULD YOU?

NO NO!!  
NOT THAT!

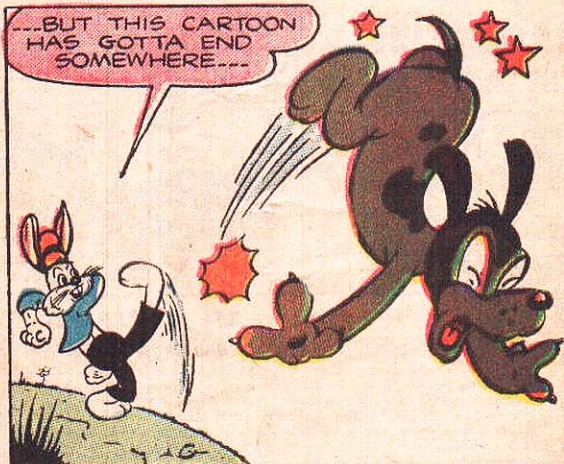
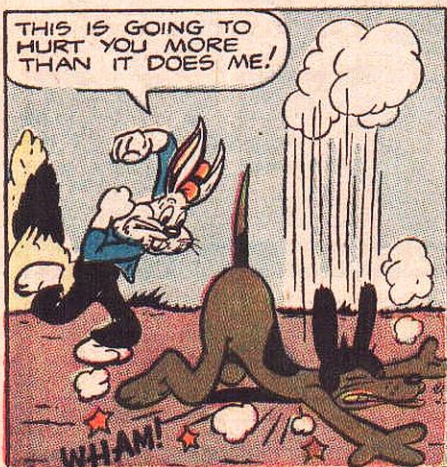
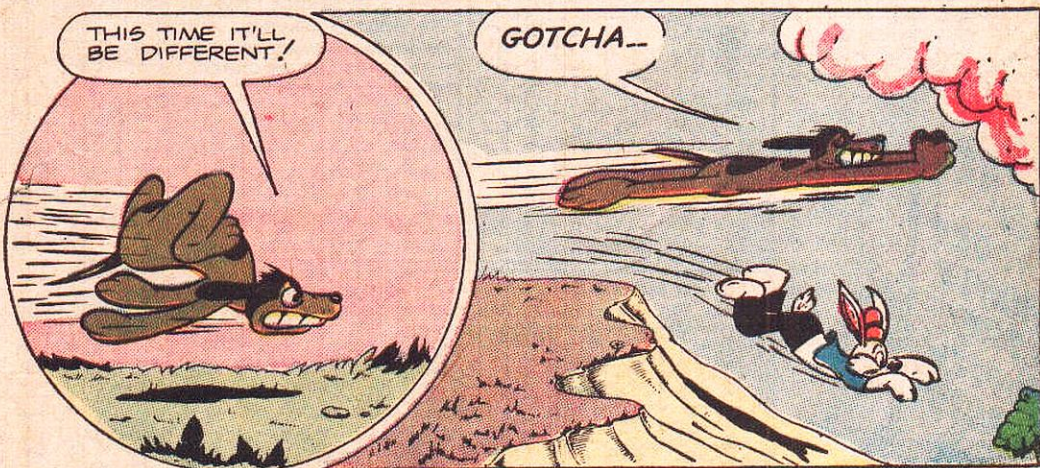
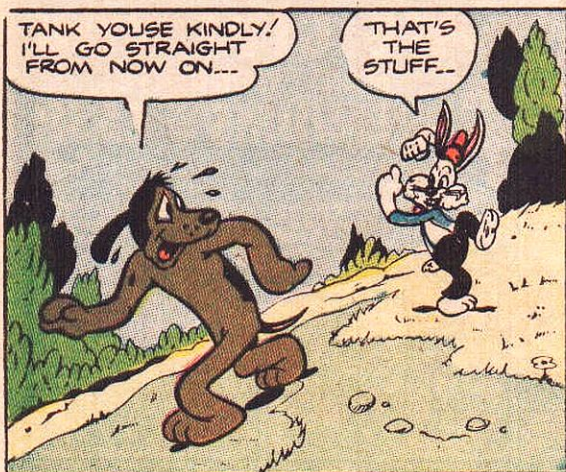


PLEASE! I  
DIDN'T DO  
IT, I TELL  
YA!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL PARDON  
YOU THIS TIME---









# LOOK KIDS! Big Powerful MAGIC MAGNIFIER

for your very own!  
**IT'S FREE!**  
JUST MAIL COUPON



**HURRY**  
GET YOURS  
WHILE  
THE  
SUPPLY  
LASTS!

**MAGNIFIER  
SENT ABSOLUTELY  
FREE!**



## JUST CLIP AND MAIL COUPON for FREE Magnifier, Big Catalog and Order of Salve

Yes — we'll send you the **MAGIC MAGNIFIER** absolutely FREE! Also — we'll send Salve, Pictures and Big Catalog showing dozens of wonderful premiums you can have. Cameras, Fishing Outfits, Dolls, Rifles, Radios, Watches, etc. (Sent postpaid). **SHARPLY GIVE** pictures with **WHITE CLOVERINE** brand SALVE easily sold to friends, relatives and neighbors at 50c a Tube (with Picture). Rush coupon to start.

# MAIL COUPON BELOW! FIND OUT HOW WE GIVE YOU MANY WONDERFUL PREMIUMS or CASH

MAGIC MAGNIFIER COMES TO YOU FREE! ACT NOW!

**MAGIC MAGNIFIER HELPS  
BETTY & JIM  
SOLVE BIG 'JEWEL MYSTERY!'**  
WHILE 'BUG  
WATCHING'.

THIS MAGNIFIER  
MAKES THESE ANTS  
LOOK LIKE ELEPHANTS!



THIS MUST BE A  
ROBBER'S  
HIDING  
PLACE!

OH NO  
IT ISN'T...



WOW! THIS ONE'S  
LUGGING A  
BIG  
PEARL!



YES,  
AND HERE'S  
HIS TRAIL - LET'S  
FOLLOW  
IT!

WHY IT LEADS  
TO THIS OLD  
TREE TRUNK!



GOLLY!  
THERE'S THE  
WHOLE  
NECKLACE, A  
RADIO, A WATCH,  
A CAMERA...

-THAT'S MY SECRET HIDE-OUT FOR ALL  
THE SWELL PREMIUMS I EARNED SELLING  
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE TO  
MY FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS!

GOSH!  
YOU  
TOO?!



YES, ANY BOY OR GIRL CAN EARN  
SWELL PREMIUMS - JUST MAIL COUPON  
TO GET STARTED!



ACT NOW  
DON'T  
DELAY!



BICYCLES  
JEWEL BOXES  
BIBLES  
LUNCH BOXES  
STEAK SETS



RADIOS  
BLANKETS  
TELESCOPES  
ALUMINUM WARE  
CLOCKS



CAMERAS  
WALKERS  
RADIO'S  
BLANKETS



PEN AND  
PENCIL SETS  
TYPEWRITERS



FLASHLIGHTS



WATCHES



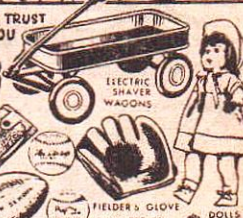
WALLETS



FIELDER'S GLOVE



DOLLS



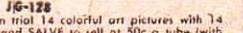
WE TRUST  
YOU



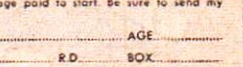
ELECTRIC  
SHAVES  
WAGONS



ELVIS PRESLEY  
GUITAR WITH  
AUTOMATIC  
CHORD  
FLYER



BOW &  
ARROW  
SETS



ACT  
NOW!  
OVER  
64 YEARS

## MAIL COUPON • Magnifier sent FREE!

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept. JG-128  
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful ant pictures with 14  
tubes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 50c a tube (with  
picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium  
or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in  
catalog sent with order, postage paid to start. Be sure to send my  
FREE "MAGIC MAGNIFIER!"

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

ST. \_\_\_\_\_ R.D. \_\_\_\_\_ BOX \_\_\_\_\_

TOWN \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT LAST \_\_\_\_\_

NAME HERE \_\_\_\_\_

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. JG-128 Tyrone, Pa.



